

DECEMBER
No. 35



BLACK HAWK

52

BIG FULL WIDTH
PAGES

10c

SEP 21 1947

JEHAD!

The dread cry resounds
across the burning desert
of El Shaitan!
A HOLY WAR!
Don't miss—
"THE BLACK DERVISH
OF DEATH"!

5
Complete stories!

Also in this issue—
"THE STRONGEST MAN
ON EARTH!"

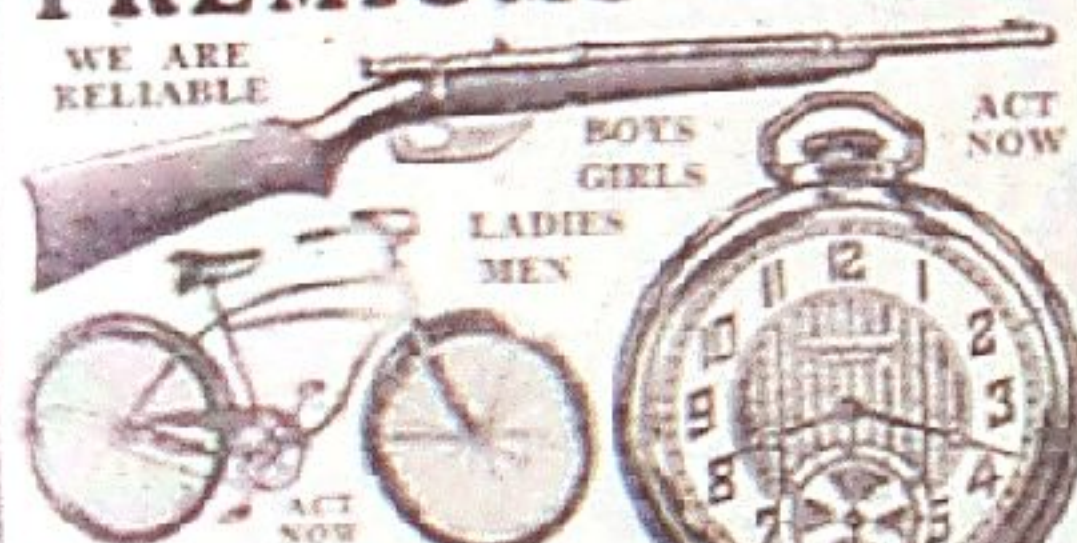
"THE FIENDISH BRAIN!"
"REAPERS OF STARVATION!"
and a rollicking
CHOP CHOP
story!



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LADIES
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Boys - Men

WATCHES

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ACT
NOW

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Boys
Girls
Ladies
Men

55th
Year

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55th YEAR



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Boys! Girls! Ladies! Men! Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks, Pocket Watches (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We are reliable. 55th year. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. J-188, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH



ACT
NOW

OUR
55th
YEAR

BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES
MEN

BE
FIRST

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Boys - Girls - Ladies - Men

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WE TRUST YOU
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ACT NOW

BE
FIRST

OUR
55th
YEAR

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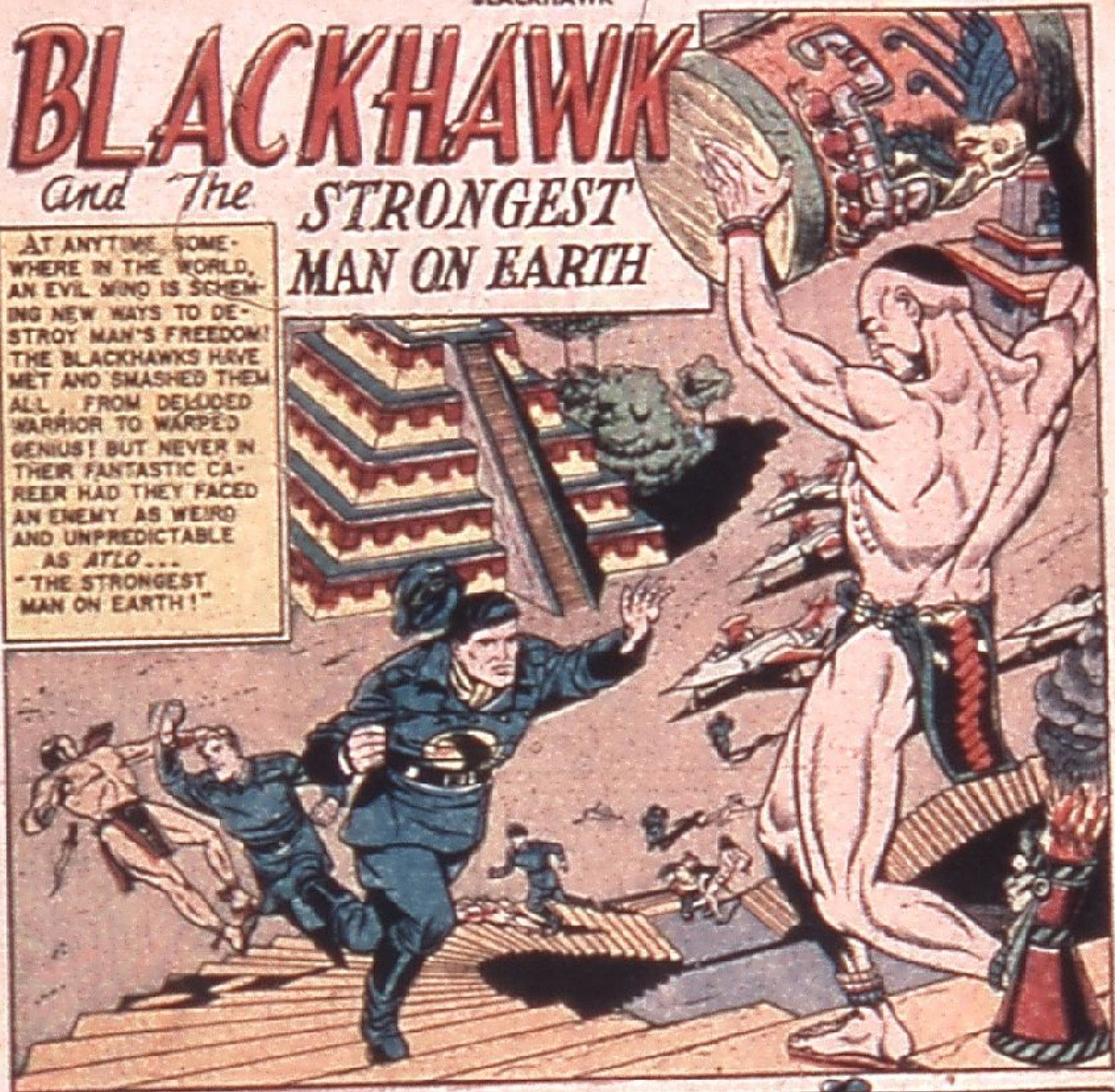
First Last Name Here

Paste on a card or mail in an envelope today

BLACKHAWK

And The STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH

AT ANYTIME, SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD, AN EVIL MIND IS SCHEMING NEW WAYS TO DESTROY MAN'S FREEDOM! THE BLACKHAWKS HAVE MET AND SMASHED THEM ALL, FROM DELUDED WARRIOR TO WARPED GENIUS! BUT NEVER IN THEIR FANTASTIC CAREER HAD THEY FACED AN ENEMY AS WEIRD AND UNPREDICTABLE AS ATLO...
"THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH!"

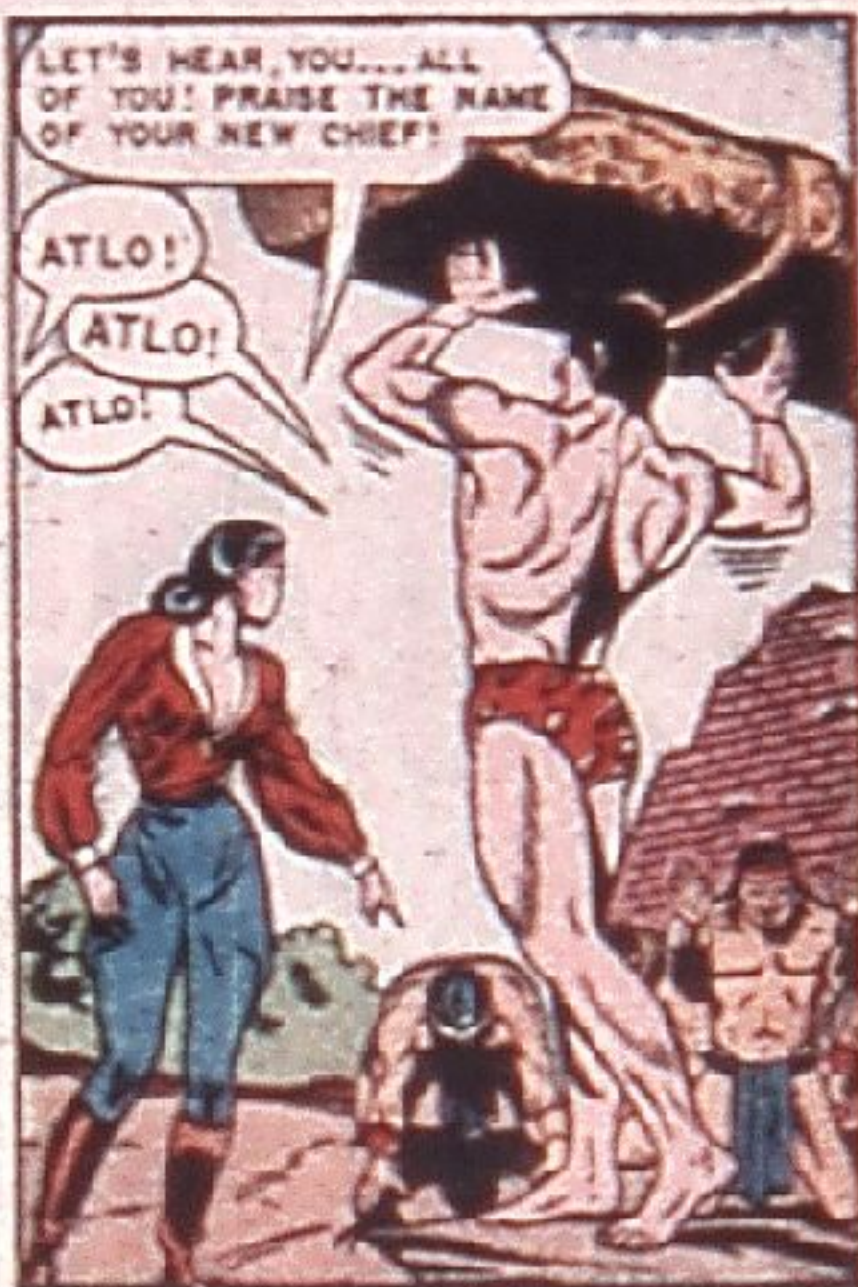


ONE OF THE BUSIEST SPOTS ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND IS THE GYMNASIUM WHERE THE FAMOUS BAND KEEPS IN TRIM!



BLACKHAWK





BUT THERE IS ONE AMONG THE WAILING INDIANS WHOSE VOICE IS SILENT—AS HE REMEMBERS A STRANGE ADVENTURE OF THE PAST!



THIS INDIAN, INCALA, REMEMBERS A DAY IN THE WARM SPRING, WHEN A STRANGE AND FRIGHTENING MAN-BIRD FLEW ABOVE HIM AND COUGHED!



WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING! IMAGINE CRASHING DOWN HERE, WITH NOBODY KNOWING FOR A HUNDRED YEARS WHATEVER BECAME OF BLACKHAWK!



MAN-BIRD COMES DOWN! IF IT BELONGS TO THE GODS, INCALA SHALL WELCOME THEM! SACRED SMOKE GIVES WELCOME!

WELL, I'LL BE...! A LONG, EASY CLEARING AND A COLUMN OF SMOKE TO SHOW WIND DIRECTION RIGHT! I'LL COME DOWN IN ONE PIECE!



BLACKHAWK



WELCOME, MIGHTY, BIRD-MAN! INCALA IS HONORED TO GUIDE YOU!

INCALA, EMP! A NICE NAME FOR A FINE, FRIENDLY FELLOW! I WON'T FORGET YOU, INCALA! I'VE A LITTLE WORK TO DO HERE!



AND AN HOUR LATER...

MY FUEL LINE IS FIXED AND I'M OFF FOR BLACKHAWK ISLAND, INCALA! BUT IF YOU EVER NEED HELP, JUST REMEMBER MY NAME... BLACKHAWK!

BLACKHAWK! IS GOOD NAME FOR FINE WARRIOR! INCALA WILL NEVER FORGET!



BLACKHAWK! BLACKHAWK! INCALA RUN TO CITY, SEND MESSAGE AS BLACKHAWK EXPLAIN! MAYBE HELP COME TO TRIBE AS PROMISED!



AND SO, MANY DAYS LATER...

...AN INDIAN NAMED INCALA, HALF DEAD FROM EXHAUSTION! ALL HE CAN DO IS MUMBLE FOR BLACKHAWK TO SAVE HIS TRIBE!



ANSWER THAT WE UNDERSTAND, CHUCK! TELL HIM THE BLACKHAWKS WILL BE THERE IN A MATTER OF HOURS!



WHO'S THIS INCALA, BLACKHAWK? YOU MEAN WE'RE FLYING CLEAR TO SOUTH AMERICA OVER SOME INDIAN STORY?

INCALA SAVED MY LIFE LAST YEAR, CHUCK, AND I KEEP MY PROMISE! HE WOULDN'T ASK FOR HELP IF IT WASN'T SERIOUS! LET'S GO!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

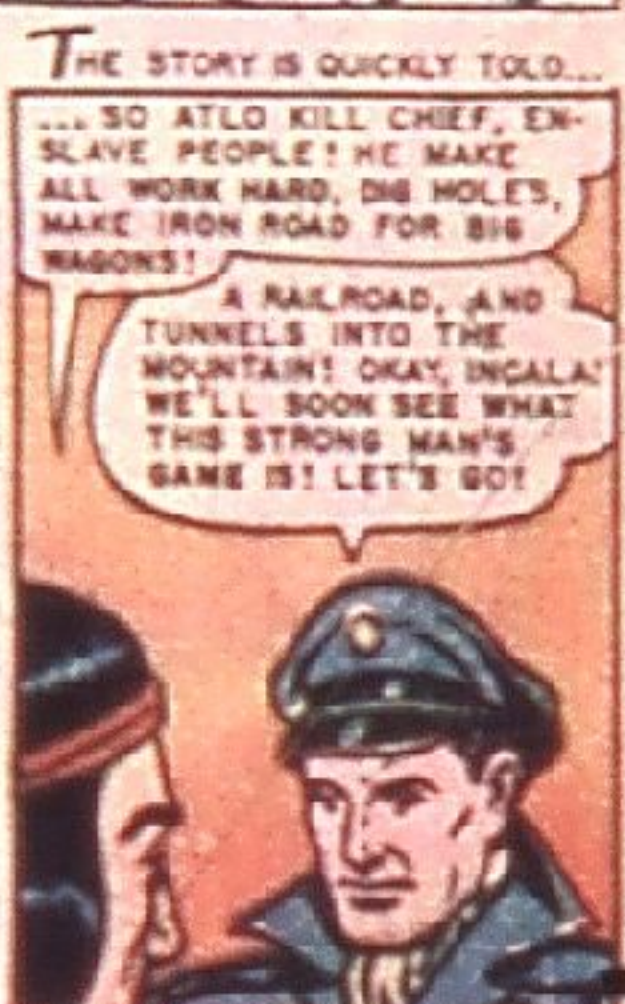
INCALA'S PEOPLE ARE A RELIC OF THE ANCIENT INCAS, LIVING FAR OFF IN THE MOUNTAINS! WE'LL LAND ON A MESA NEAR THEM!

OKAY, BLACKHAWK! WE'LL PUT ON WAR-PAINT AND JOIN YOU!



MIGHTY BLACKHAWK COME! THE GODS OF THE SKY HEAR INCALA'S PLEA!

GET UP, INCALA! WE'RE NOT GODS BUT MEN WHO HATE OPPRESSION BECAUSE WE'VE ALL SUFFERED IT! STAND UP AND TELL US WHAT'S UP!

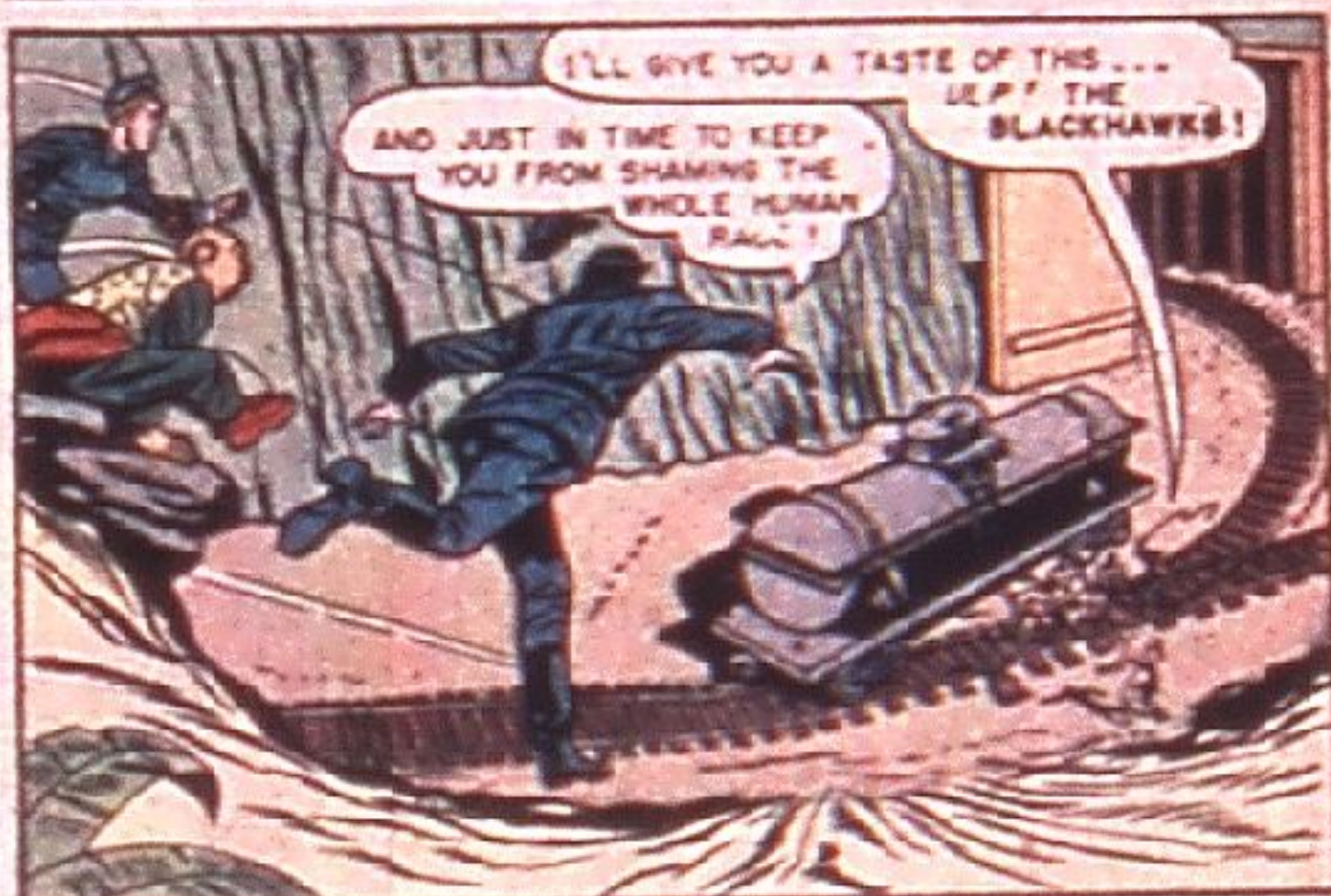
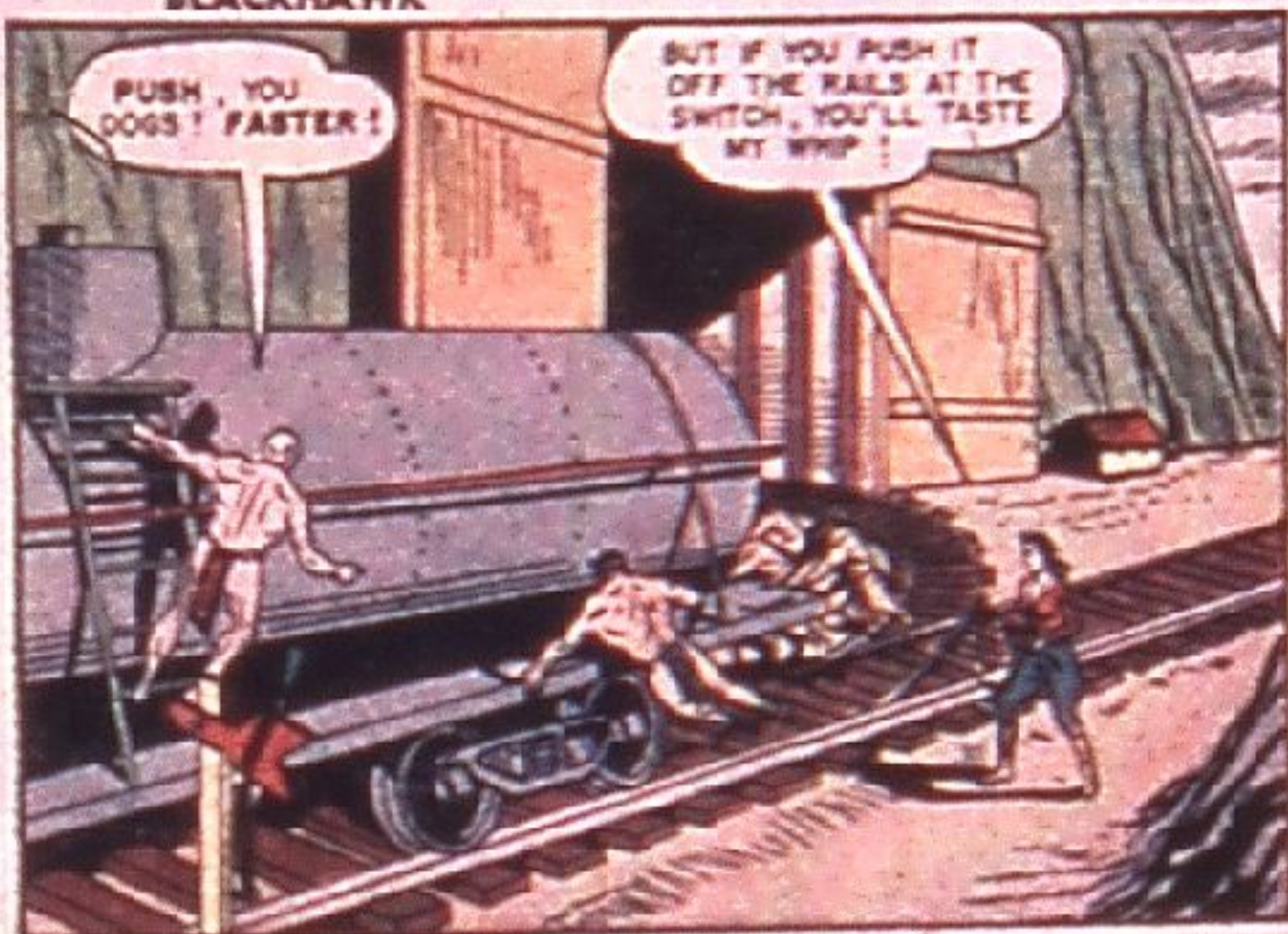


THE STORY IS QUICKLY TOLD...

...SO ATLO KILL CHIEF, ENSLAVE PEOPLE! HE MAKE ALL WORK HARD, DIG HOLES, MAKE IRON ROAD FOR BIG WAGONS!

A RAILROAD, AND TUNNELS INTO THE MOUNTAIN! OKAY, INCALA! WE'LL SOON SEE WHAT THIS STRONG MAN'S GAME IS! LET'S GO!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE HIDDEN INCA VALLEY...

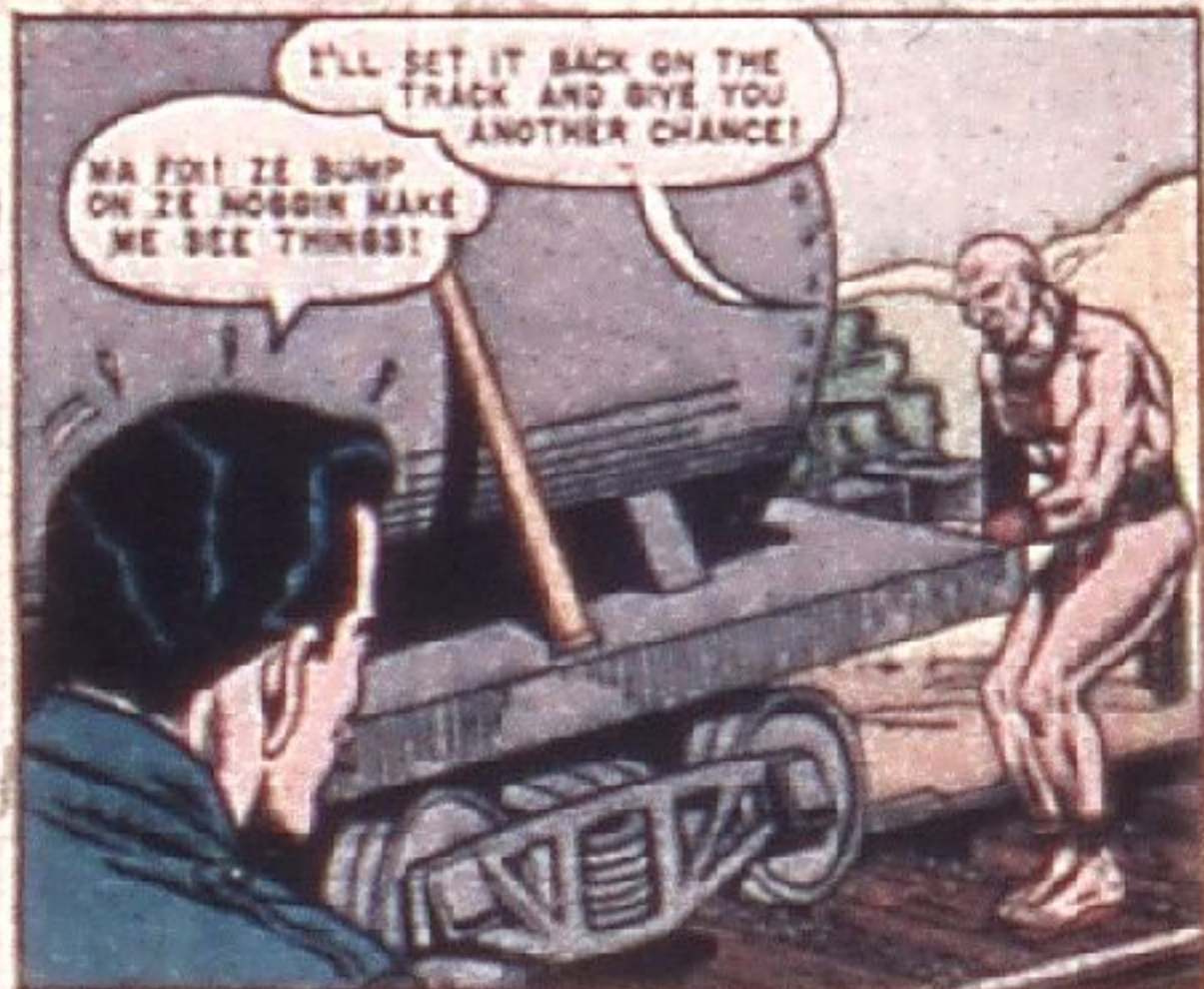




OUTNUMBERED AND UNWILLING TO HURT THEIR ATTACKERS, THE BLACKHAWKS ARE OVERWHELMED!

RELAX, GANG! WE'LL SAVE OUR STRENGTH FOR A WALTZ WITH THE BIG BOY LATER!

GOOD WORK, SLAVES! FOR THAT YOU WILL ESCAPE THE PUNISHMENT I PROMISED FOR DERAILING THE TANK CAR!





GO! TELL YOUR PEOPLE THEY CAN HAVE THE BLACKHAWKS TO SACRIFICE ON THE ALTAR IN THEIR TEMPLE OF THE SUN!

I GO AT ONCE!



... IF THE BLACKHAWKS ESCAPE, NO MATTER HOW, YOU WILL TAKE THEIR PLACES ON THE ALTAR OF SACRIFICE!

WE UNDERSTAND!



NOW WHAT, BLACKHAWK? WE ARE IN WHAT IS LAUGHINGLY KNOWN AS ONE HECK OF A PICKLEMENT!

JAWOHL! YE CAN'T FIGHT DER INDIANS YE COME TO SAFE, UND IF YE ESCAPE, YE DOOM DER POOR GUARDS TO DEATH!



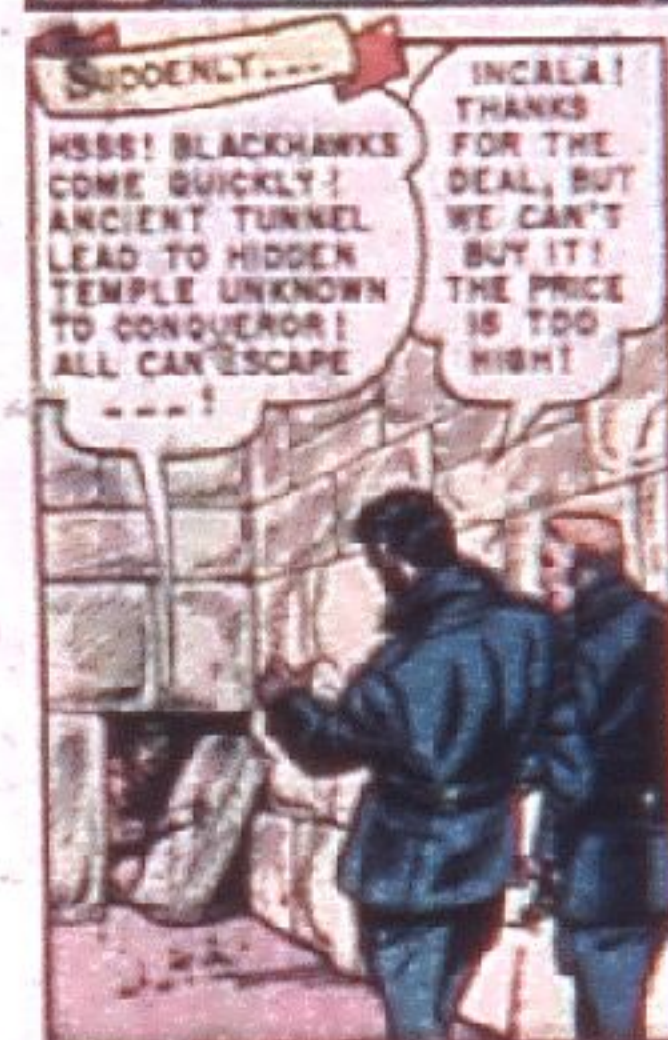
THERE'S ONE HOPE, GANG! DID YOU NOTICE INCALA FADED AWAY WHEN THE SCRAP STARTED? HE'S LOOSE SOMEWHERE, AND ON OUR SIDE!

OH, WOEST! CHOP CHOP WISH HE NOT LEAD SO MANY HISTOLY BOOKS ABOUT ANCIENT INCA PEOPLES!



JUST VAT HAS HISTORY GOT TO DO VIT DAS MUSCLEBOUND YERK OUTSIDE AND US INSIDE?

ACCORDING TO HISTOLY, INCA SACRIFICE ALTAR WHERE THEY TEAR OUT MAN'S HEART WITH VELLY DULL KNIFE! IS VELLY UNPLEASANT TLUCK!



SUDDENLY...

HSSS! BLACKHAWKS COME QUICKLY! ANCIENT TUNNEL LEAD TO HIDDEN TEMPLE UNKNOWN TO CONQUEROR! ALL CAN ESCAPE ---!

INCALA! THANKS FOR THE DEAL, BUT WE CAN'T BUY IT! THE PRICE IS TOO HIGH!



IF WE ESCAPE, OUR GUARDS PAY THE PENALTY! BUT THERE'S STILL HOPE IF YOU'LL HELP US!

INCALA WILL DO ANYTHING FOR MIGHTY BLACKHAWKS! COMMAND AND I OBEY!



THEN CHANGE CLOTHES WITH ME, INCALA! I WANT TO SCOUT AROUND WITHOUT THE GUARD'S NOTICING ONE OF US IS MISSING!

MA FOI! ZEY ARE ABOUT ZE SAME SIZE, WEETH DARK HAIR! EET MIGHT WORK!

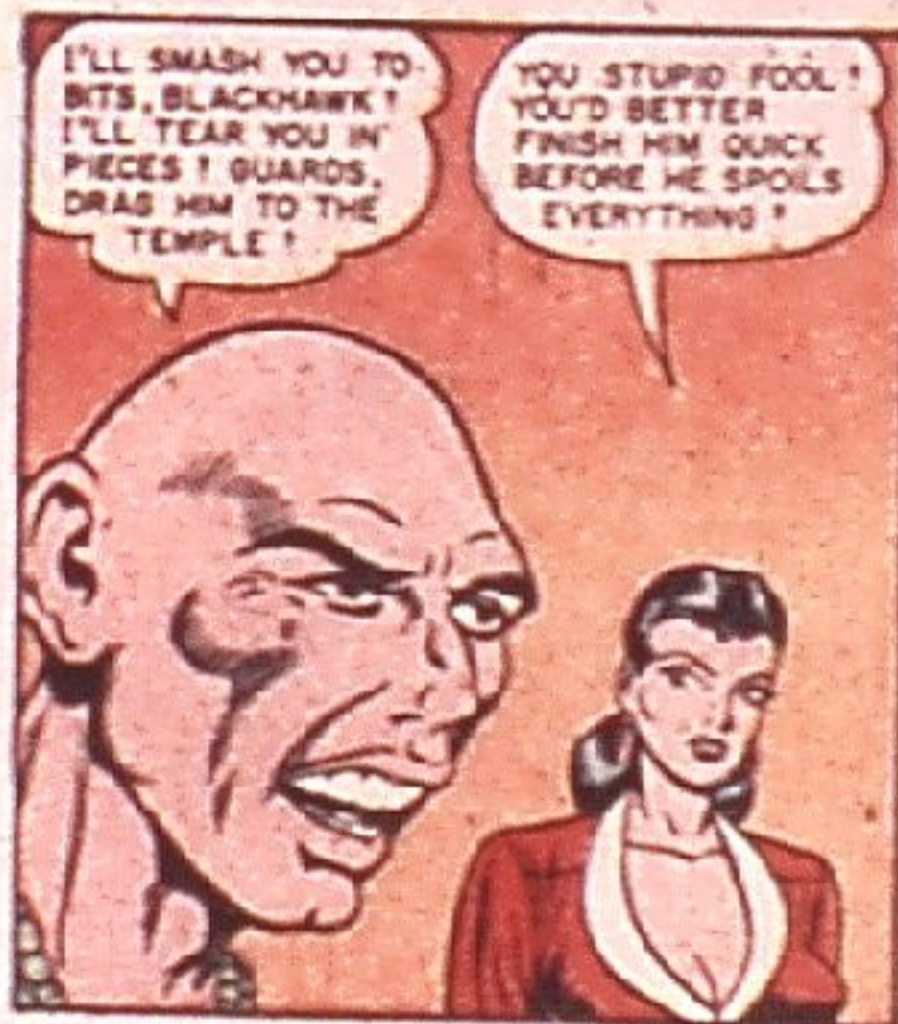




BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK





BLAST YOU, BLACK-HAWK! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO MESS UP A SWEET SET-UP LIKE THIS?

TO STOP A DIRTY PIECE OF OPPRESSION LIKE YOURS!



OWWO!

STRAIGHTEN UP, ATLA, AND TAKE IT LIKE A MAN!



I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

THERE GOES YOUR BETRAYER AND FALSE LEADER! WILL YOU ALLOW HER TO ESCAPE TO TRICK OTHERS?



THIS IS IT!



THE BETRAYER IS HELPLESS! WHAT IS YOUR WILL, MIGHTY BLACKHAWK? YOU ARE NEW CHIEF, HAVING DEFEATED ATLO IN COMBAT!

I CAN'T BE YOUR CHIEF, FRIENDS... BUT HERE COMES SOMEONE WHO CAN!



HERE IS INCALA, WHO SAVED YOU FROM SLAVERY AND DEATH! HE IS FIT TO BE YOUR NEW CHIEF!

INCALA! HAIL INCALA, THE NEW INGA!



TUMBLING JUPITER, I STILL WANT TO KNOW HOW COME YOU CAN LIFT RAILROAD CAR LIKE ATLO?

HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED THE TRUTH YET, GANG! TAKE A LOOK AT THE TRACKS WHERE THAT TANK CAR WAS DERAILED...

BLACKHAWK



FOR ALL IT'S IMMENSE SIZE, IT HARDLY SANK INTO THE SOFT GROUND! AND EXAMINE THE ENDS OF THAT RAIL ATLO SNAPPED WITH HIS FINGERS!



SACRE NOM! ZE END EES LIKE IRON ZAT HAS BEEN MELTED!

IT WAS, ANDRE... BY A SOURT OF POWERFUL ACID FROM INSIDE THIS HOLLOW ORNAMENT! HE DID THAT WHEN HE HELD THE RAIL TO HIS CHEST!



AND ANYONE CAN LIFT A TANK CAR... WHEN IT'S PUMPED FULL OF HELIUM GAS UNDER IMMENSE PRESSURE! THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE MINING!

HELIUM? IS STUFF MAKEE BALLOON GO SKY-HIGH! BUT CHOP CHOP THINK ALL HELIUM IN UNITED STATES!



EVERYONE THOUGHT THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF HELIUM WAS IN TEXAS! BUT SOMEHOW ATLO AND LUYA FOUND THIS RARE GAS POOL...

ALL RIGHT! WE WERE DOWN HERE WITH A LITTLE CARNIVAL THAT WENT BROKE! THEN WE MET A SCIENTIST WHO HAD DISCOVERED THIS HELIUM...



ATLO KILLED THE SCIENTIST AND I FIGURED THIS WAY TO TRICK THE INDIANS INTO GETTING THE GAS OUT OF US! WE HAD A MARKET...

NO DOUBT! CERTAIN AG- GRESSOR NATIONS WOULD PAY MILLIONS FOR A SUPPLY OF RARE HELIUM! NOW THE DEMOCRATIC COUNTRIES IN UNITED NATIONS CAN CONTROL IT!



A SHORT TIME LATER... WE MUST GO NOW, INCALA! WE'LL LEAVE THE PUNISHMENT OF THAT PAIR TO YOUR PEOPLE! IT IS THEIR RIGHT TO DECIDE!

THEY WILL RECEIVE JUSTICE, BLACKHAWK! AND SO WILL MY PEOPLE! I SHALL STRIVE TO RULE THEM BY YOUR LAWS! FAREWELL, FRIENDS!

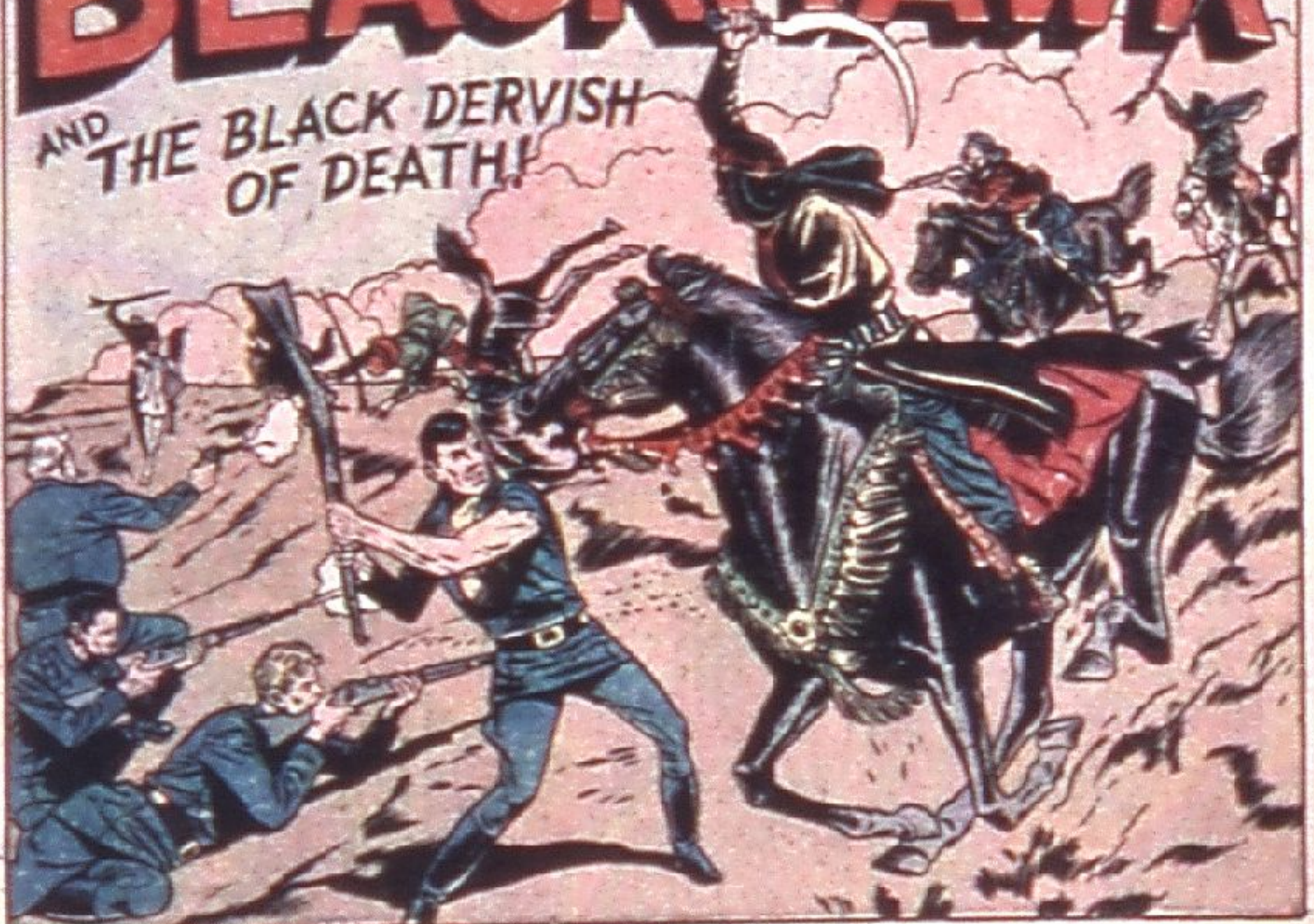


IN THE STRANGEST FOREIGN SPOTS WE SMASH THE TYRANT'S PLOTS! WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!

BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK

AND THE BLACK DERVISH OF DEATH!



JEHAD! JEHAD! THE DREAD CRY RESOUNDS ACROSS THE BURNING DESERT OF EL SHAITAN! **JEHAD...** A HOLY WAR... LAUNCHED BY SAVAGE MOSLEM TRIBES... COULD BE THE SPARK THAT SETS THE EASTERN WORLD AFLAME! ONLY THE MIGHTY **BLACKHAWKS** CAN AVERT SUCH CATASTROPHE... IF THEY CAN TRAP THE MURDEROUS, ELUSIVE... "**BLACK DERVISH OF DEATH!**"

A FOREIGN LEGION OUTPOST IS THE FIRST TO FEEL THE FURY OF BURSTING HATREDS!

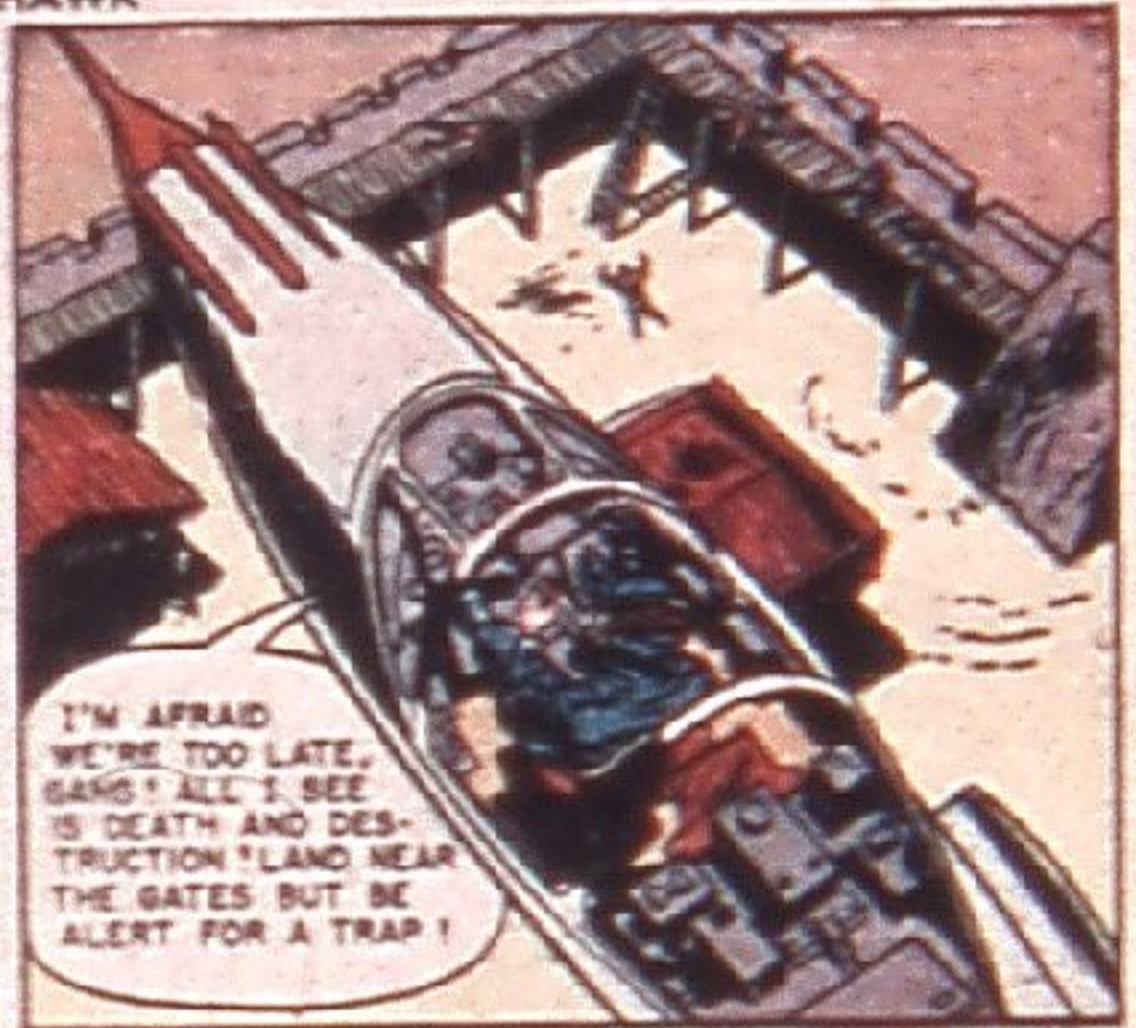






A FEW HOURS LATER...
THERE'S ABD-EN-KRIM!
IT LOOKS WRECKED AND
DESERTED BUT WE CAN'T
TAKE CHANCES! I'LL BUZZ
THE COMPOUND AND
LOOK IT OVER!

DER ISS NO SIGN
UFF DER ENEMY
OUTSIDE!

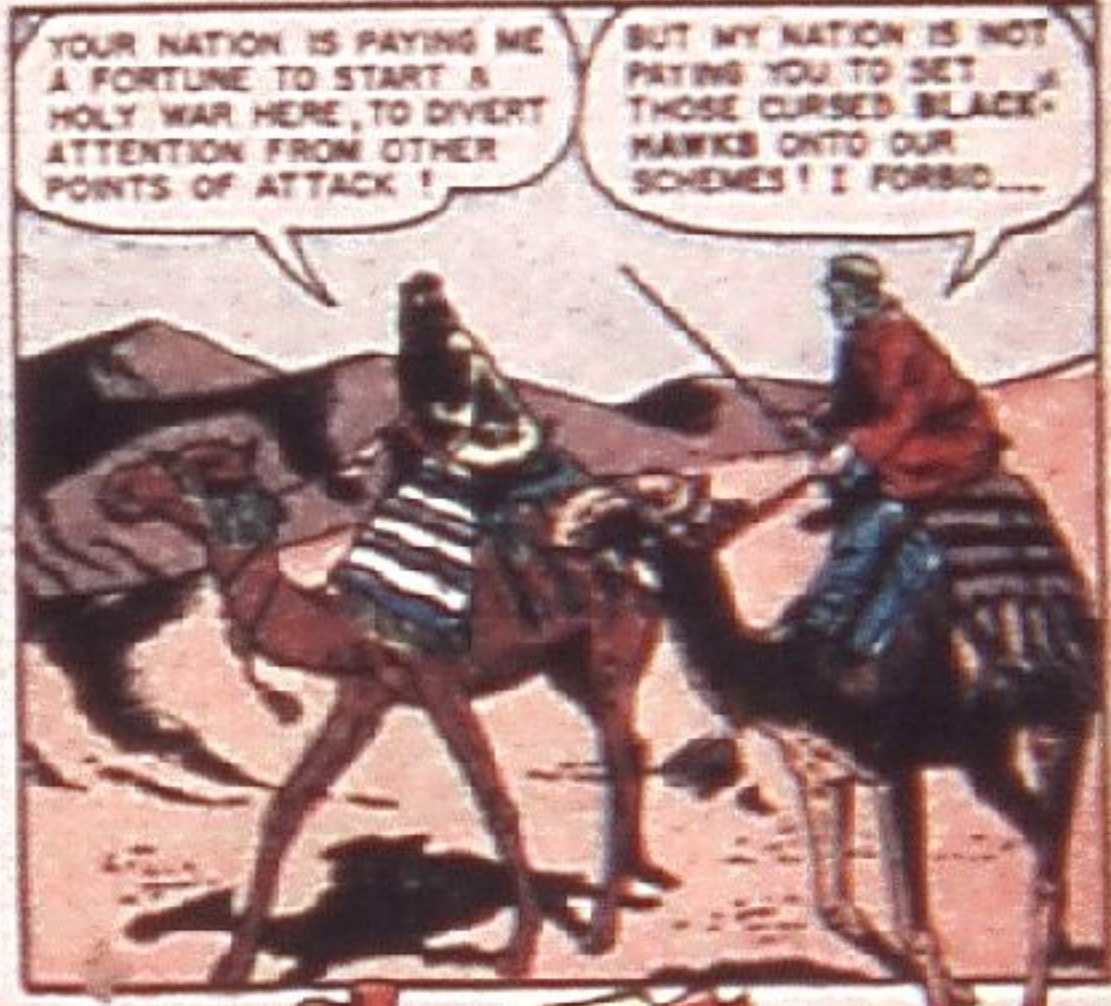


I'M AFRAID
WE'RE TOO LATE,
GANG! ALL I SEE
IS DEATH AND DES-
TRUCTION! LAND NEAR
THE GATES BUT BE
ALERT FOR A TRAP!



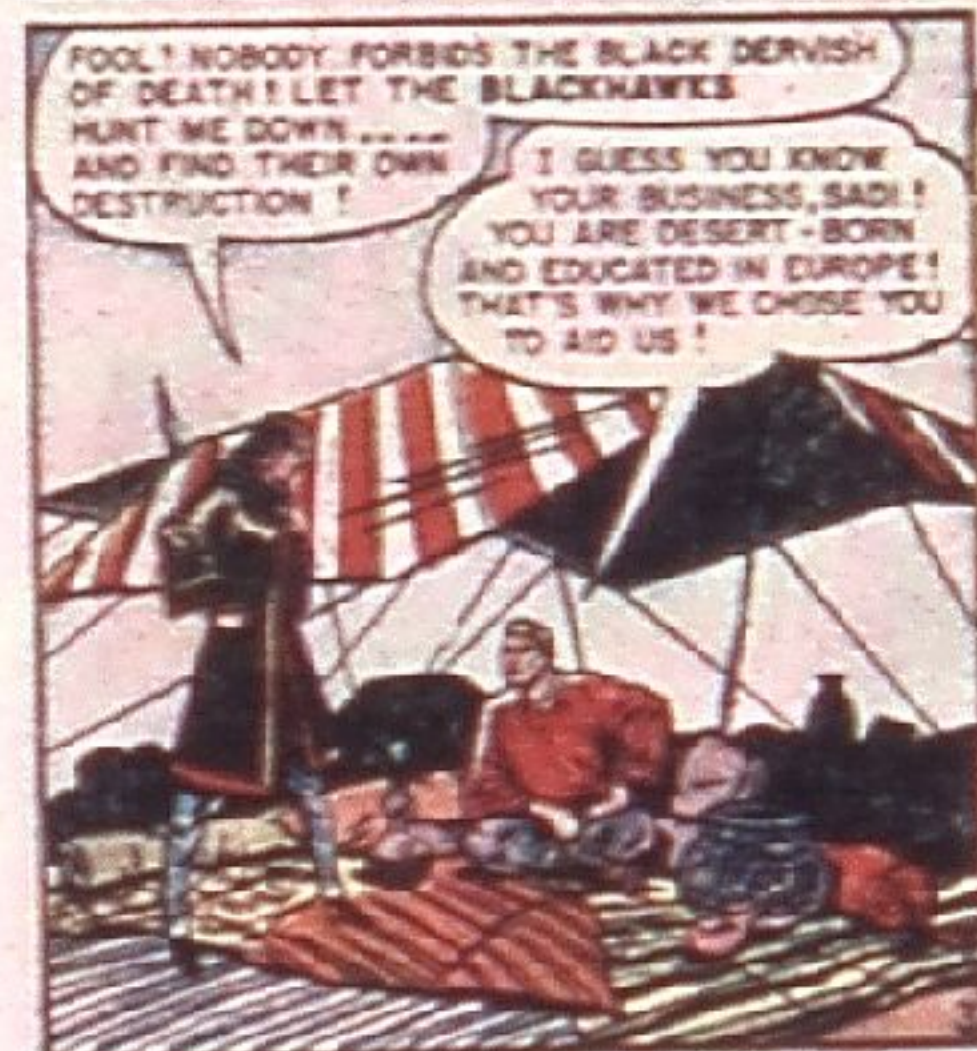
YOU WERE RIGHT! THAT INFIDEL
DOG DID GET A MESSAGE
THROUGH TO THE BLACK-
HAWKS BEFORE HE DIED!
YOU MUST GO INTO
HIDING!

AND SEE OUR GREAT
PLAN DIE FOR LACK
OF LEADERSHIP!
DON'T BE STUPID,
MY FRIEND...!



YOUR NATION IS PAYING ME
A FORTUNE TO START A
HOLY WAR HERE, TO DIVERT
ATTENTION FROM OTHER
POINTS OF ATTACK!

BUT MY NATION IS NOT
PAYING YOU TO SET
THOSE CURSED BLACK-
HAWKS ONTO OUR
SCHEMES! I FORBID...



FOOL! NOBODY FORBIDS THE BLACK DERVISH
OF DEATH! LET THE BLACKHAWKS
HUNT ME DOWN... AND FIND THEIR OWN
DESTRUCTION!

I GUESS YOU KNOW
YOUR BUSINESS, SADI!
YOU ARE DESERT-BORN
AND EDUCATED IN EUROPE!
THAT'S WHY WE CHOSE YOU
TO AID US!

AND I SHALL!
RIGHT NOW MY
PEOPLE DIVIDE RICH
LOOT FROM THE
FORT! NEWS OF
THAT LOOT WILL
INFLAME ALL THE
TRIBESMEN OF
THE DESERT TO
JOIN US!

MEANWHILE...
NOT A SOUL ESCAPED
ALIVE, APPARENTLY! THE
SLAUGHTER WAS COM-
PLETE AND SO WAS
THE LOOTING!

MIRABILE!
BLACKHAWK, ZIS
ONE STILL
NURSES ZE
SMALL FLAME OF
LIFE! EET WEE!
NOT LAST LONG,
BUT...



BLACKHAWK

LIEUTENANT, YOU'RE GOING FAST! TRY TO FIND STRENGTH TO TELL US! THIS IS BLACKHAWK!

BLACKHAWK! OUI! LOOK FOR... BLACK DERVISH... OF DEATH! INCITING TRIBES... TO WAR... SPARK SPREADING! MUST HALT...

SACRÉ NON! HE EES GONE!

HE CLUNG TO LIFE LONG ENOUGH TO PASS ON HIS WARNING! BURY HIM WITH THE HONOR DUE A VERY BRAVE MAN!

A SHORT TIME LATER....

OKAY, BLACKHAWK! I CONTACTED FORT AD-AL-KAZAR! DEY BAN SEND-ING RELIEF COLUMN TO MAN DAS FORT AND BURY BODIES!

FINE, OLAF! BUT WE'D BETTER SCOUT THAT RELIEF COLUMN, JUST IN CASE SOMEONE LISTENED IN ON OUR RADIO CHANNEL!

WHILE MILES TO THE WEST...

HERE THEY COME! THERE WILL BE GUNS AND AMMUNITION FOR ALL, AND MUCH GLORY IN PARADISE WHEN THE INFIDELS ARE ALL DEAD!

ALLAH-E-ALLAH! NOT A ONE SHALL LIVE TO TELL THE TALE!

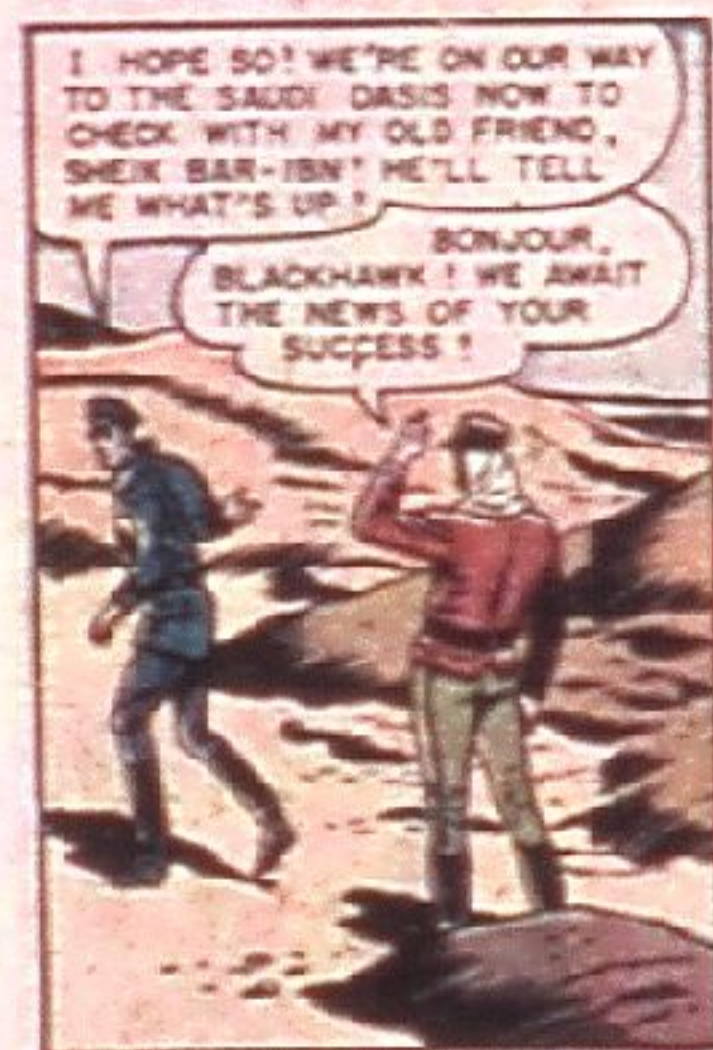
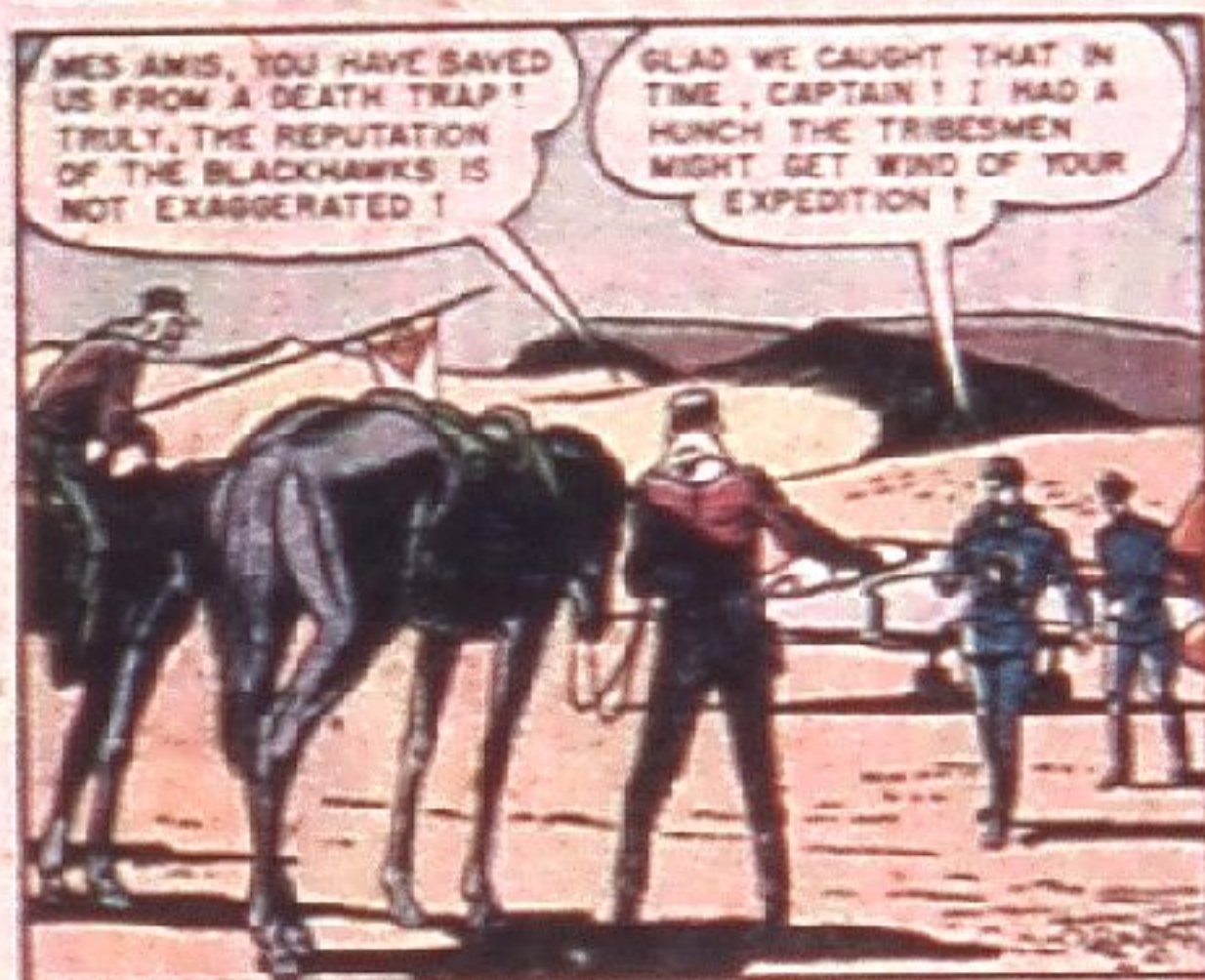
THEY CANNOT ESCAPE OUR VENGEANCE! WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, OPEN FIRE!

BWAHGGGG!

READY! AIM! F... EEEEEEE!

THE CURSED BLACKHAWKS! SCATTER!

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT ABOUT THEIR TRYING TO AMBUSH THE RELIEF COLUMN! LET 'EM HAVE IT, GANG!





BY ALLAH, THAT BLACKHAWK IS STRONG AND HANDSOME! I COULD ALMOST FORGET THE PROMISED GOLD FOR HIS SMILE! ALMOST... BUT NOT QUITE!



SO THE AMBUSH FAILED! I WARNED YOU ABOUT TANGLING WITH THE BLACKHAWKS, SADI...!

SILENCE, OTOS! THAT "TANGLE" AS YOU CALL IT HAS GIVEN ME THE KEY TO THEIR DESTRUCTION!



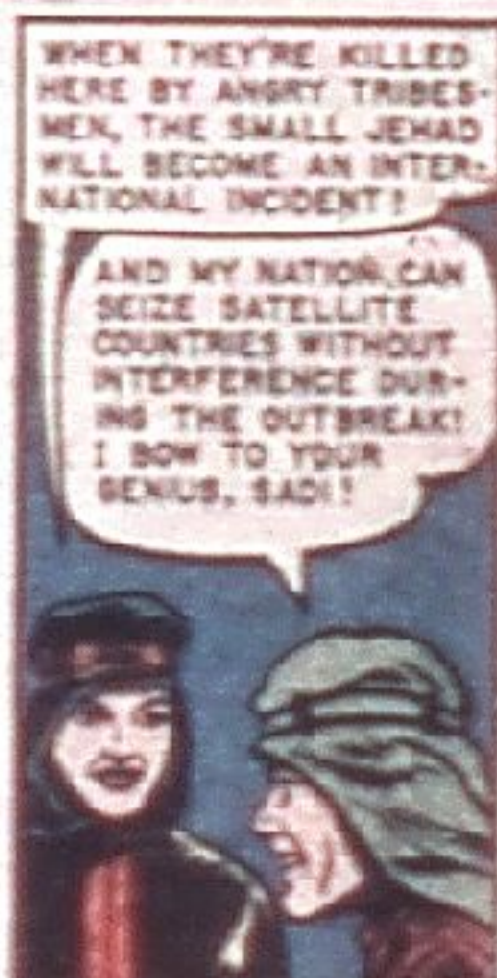
SEND COURIERS AT ONCE TO ALL THE TRIBES! HAVE THE CHIEFTAINS MEET HERE TOMORROW FOR A CONFERENCE! ALL MUST ATTEND!

AT ONCE, GREAT ONE! NO SHEIK WILL DARE REFUSE THE ORDER OF A HOLY DERVISH!



ARE YOU MAD, SADI? WITH THE BLACKHAWKS PROWLING THE DESERT, YOU CAN'T KEEP SUCH A CONFERENCE SECRET!

WHO WANTS TO? I SHALL BE VERY DISAPPOINTED IF THE BLACKHAWKS DON'T ATTEND WITH THEIR FRIEND, SHEIK BAR-IBET!



WHEN THEY'RE KILLED HERE BY ANGRY TRIBESMEN, THE SMALL JEHAD WILL BECOME AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT!

AND MY NATION CAN SEIZE SATELLITE COUNTRIES WITHOUT INTERFERENCE DURING THE OUTBREAK! I BOW TO YOUR GENIUS, SADI!



MEANWHILE, AT THE SAUDI OASIS...

YOUR COMING IS GOOD, SON OF LIONS! THIS BLACK DERVISH OF DEATH INFLAMES THE TRIBES TO BLOODY, PROFITLESS WAR!

I'M PUZZLED, SHEIK. BY WHAT HIS REASON CAN BE? WHAT CAN HE HOPE TO GAIN? HE'S MERELY INVITING SENSELESS SLAUGHTER!

MIGHTY ONE, A COURIER BIDS YOU ATTEND A CONFERENCE WITH THE BLACK DERVISH TOMORROW! ALL SHEIKS HAVE BEEN SUMMONED!

BY ALL MEANS, ACCEPT, SHEIK... AND TELL HIM YOU'D LIKE TO BRING SOME FRIENDS, SEVEN SHEIKS FROM DISTANT TRIBES WHO ARE VISITING YOU!



NEXT MORNING THE TRIBESMEN BATHER FOR THE CONFERENCE !

SHEIK MASSAM SID ! SHEIK IBRAM !
WELCOME ! PAVILIONS HAVE
BEEN PREPARED FOR YOU !



MIGHTY ONE, THE SHEIK BAR-
IBN APPROACHES WITH HIS
CARAVAN... AND THERE ARE
SEVEN ROBED FIGURES RIDING
WITH HIM !

IT WORKED !
SUMMON MY PRIVATE
GUARDS AT ONCE !



YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO !
WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL,
SEE THAT YOUR HANDS
ARE STRONG AND DEADLY !

WE HEED, MIGHTY
ONE ! AT YOUR WORD,
NONE SHALL LIVE !



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

GREETINGS, HOLY ONE ! I BRING
GUESTS, SEVEN SHEIKS OF DISTANT
TRIBES WHO WERE VISITING
WHEN YOUR MESSAGE CAME !

THEY ARE WELCOME !
DISMOUNT, SHEIK, SO I
MAY GIVE YOUR
GUESTS MY SPECIAL
ATTENTION !



TO YOU I GIVE SPECIAL GREETINGS !
MY MEN WILL ATTEND EACH OF
YOU WITH SPECIAL
CARE !

YOUR KINDNESS
IS OVERWHELMING,
HOLY ONE !



SHOW THE HONORED GUESTS TO
THEIR PAVILION PERSONALLY !

WE
OBEY !

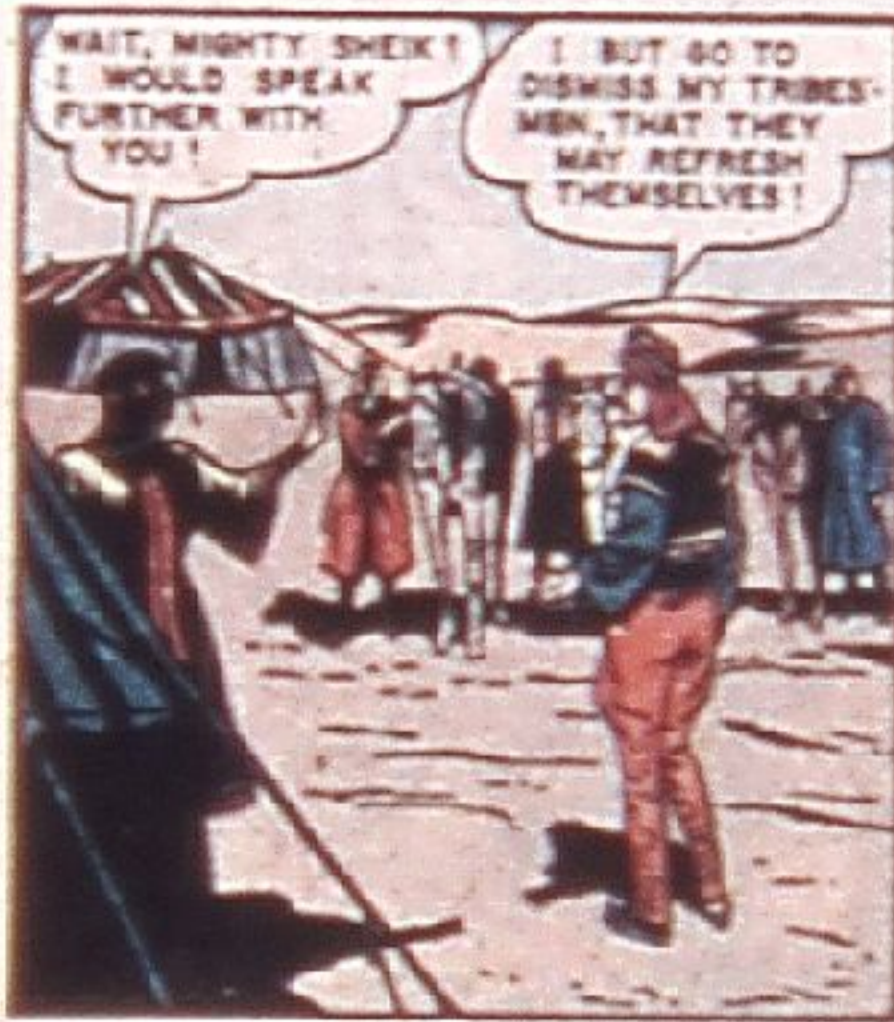


SILENCE, DOGS ! ONE WORD
AND YOU DIE !

GUS - BAHNN !



BLACKHAWK



WAIT, MIGHTY SHEIK!
I WOULD SPEAK
FURTHER WITH
YOU!

I BUT GO TO
DISMISS MY TRIBES-
MEN, THAT THEY
MAY REFRESH
THEMSELVES!



WAIT! BEFORE YOUR
MEN LEAVE, THEY
SHOULD LOOK UPON
THIS SURPRISE I
HAVE PREPARED FOR
YOU, SHEIK BAR-IBN!

A SURPRISE?
FOR ME?



BY ALLAH! WHAT
IS THE MEANING
OF THIS?

IT MEANS, OH SHEIK,
THAT YOU WILL PAY
THE PENALTY OF A
BETRAYER OF THE
FAITH! UNMASK
THE INFIDELS,
GUARDS!



UP! BUT... BUT...!
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!
THEY ARE...!

THEY ARE AS I TOLD
YOU... SEVEN SHEIKS
OF DISTANT TRIBES
WHO TRUSTED MY
HOSPITALITY! WHAT
TRICKERY IS THIS?



NO TRICKERY, SHEIK!
JUST A NATURAL
MISTAKE!

YIII! THE BLACKHAWKS!
KILL THEM!



YIPSY-DOODLES! CHOP CHOP
MAKE TLEETH SOUND LIKE
FIRECLACKERS! MAKE BELIEVE
IS CHINEE NEW YEAR!

BY YINBO, I HAN WAIT LONG
TIME FOR LITTLE FUN LIKE THIS!



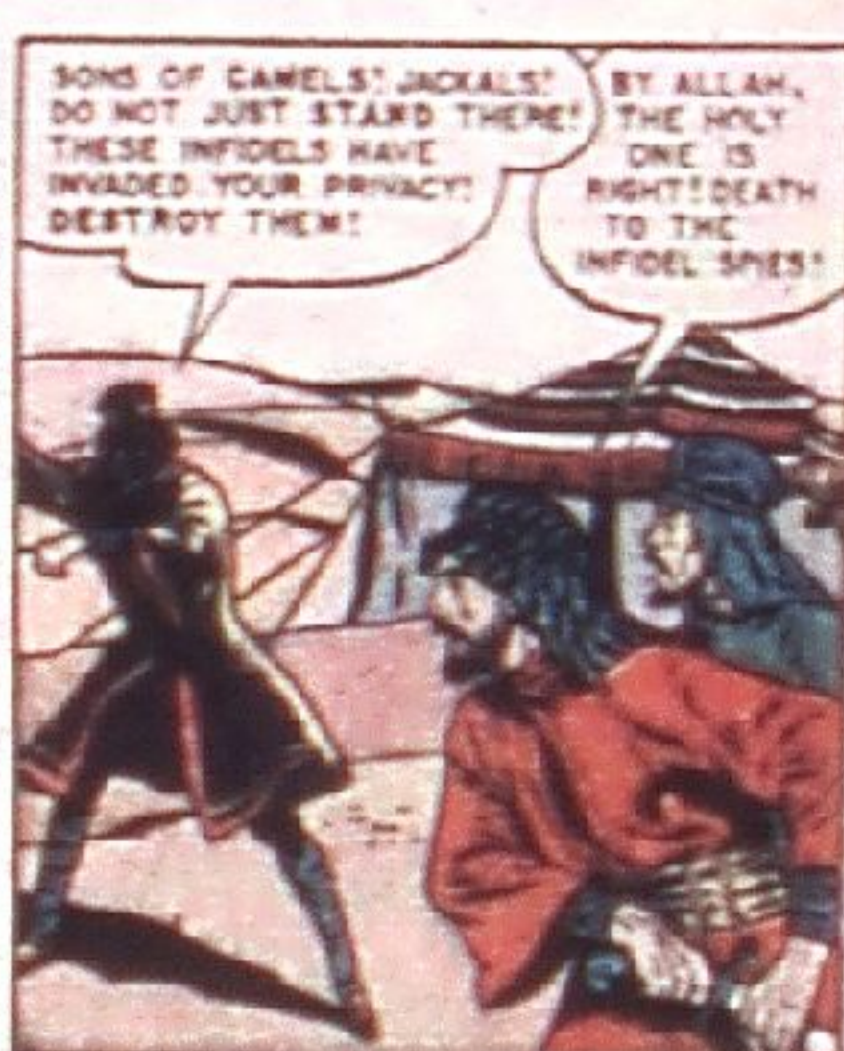
SAY
AHMM!

AGHHH!



TIENS! MINE EES
WORN OUT! CAN
SOMEBODY SPARE
ANOTHER PUNCH-
ING BAG?

HEIN, ANDRE! I
AM NOT BE-FIN-
ISHED NIT MINE!



SONS OF CAMELS! JACKALS!
DO NOT JUST STAND THERE!
THESE INFIDELS HAVE
INVADED YOUR PRIVACY!
DESTROY THEM!

BY ALLAH,
THE HOLY
ONE IS
RIGHT! DEATH
TO THE
INFIDEL SPIES!



THOSE BLACKHAWKS FIGHT
LIKE WILDCATS! I'M GETTING
OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY
PULL SOME OTHER TRICK!

I, TOO! IF THE TRIBESMEN
LEARN HOW WE'VE FOOLED
THEM, THEY'LL TEAR US
APART!



HOLD OUT AS LONG AS
YOU CAN, GANG! I'M
GOING AFTER THE
BLACK DERVISH
AND HIS PAL!

IF YOU RUN ACROSS ANY
U.S. MARINES ALONG THE
WAY, BLACKHAWK, SEND
THEM OVER! THIS THING
IS GETTING OUT OF HAND!



I HOPE THIS SHIP OF
THE DESERT CAN MAKE
PLENTY OF KNOTS!

AIEEE! THE BLACKHAWK
DEVIL ESCAPES! SHOOT
HIM DOWN!



ZGUSZ! D-DON'T
THINK TH-THIS WILL
EVER R-REPLACE THE
OLD F-FASHIONED
AIRPLANE!

BANG

BAM

BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK



HOLD! WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHO YOUR REAL BETRAYERS ARE!

JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, BY YINGO! TELL THESE YUS-HEADS TO STOP YERKING US AROUND!



NOW YOU DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS FOR LAYING VIOLENT HANDS ON THE HOLY PERSON OF THE BLACK DERVISH!

KEEP YOUR BURNOUSE ON, PAL! I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



DON'T YOU FEEL A LITTLE SILLY NOW... BEING TRICKED INTO FOLLOWING A WOMAN AND A FOREIGN AGENT INTO HOPELESS WAR?

EEEEHHH! IT IS DEATH FOR A WOMAN TO TOUCH THE HOLY ROBES OF A DERVISH! WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED AND BETRAYED! KILL THEM BOTH!



HOLD IT! THE WORLD COURT HAS PRIORITY ON THESE WAR-MONGERS FOR PROFIT! YOU'D BETTER SPEND YOUR TIME PURIFYING YOURSELVES!

OUT! AND APOLO- GIZING TO SHEIK BAR-IBN, WHO RISKED DEATH TO EXPOSE ZE PLOTTERS AGAINST PEACE!



COME ALONG! WE LEFT OUR PLANES CLOSE BY WHEN WE RODE INTO CAMP, DISGUISED AS SHEIK BAR-IBN'S WARRIORS!

ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN BECAUSE YOU HAD ALL THE LUCK!



PERHAPS... BUT IF YOU EVER AGAIN TRY TO POSE AS A MAN, I'D SUGGEST YOU LEAVE OFF THE PERFUME THAT BETRAYED YOU TO US!

THEY'RE THE LUCKY ONES, BLACKHAWK... FACING A WORLD COURT INSTEAD OF THE TENDER MERCIES OF THOSE TRIBESHEN!

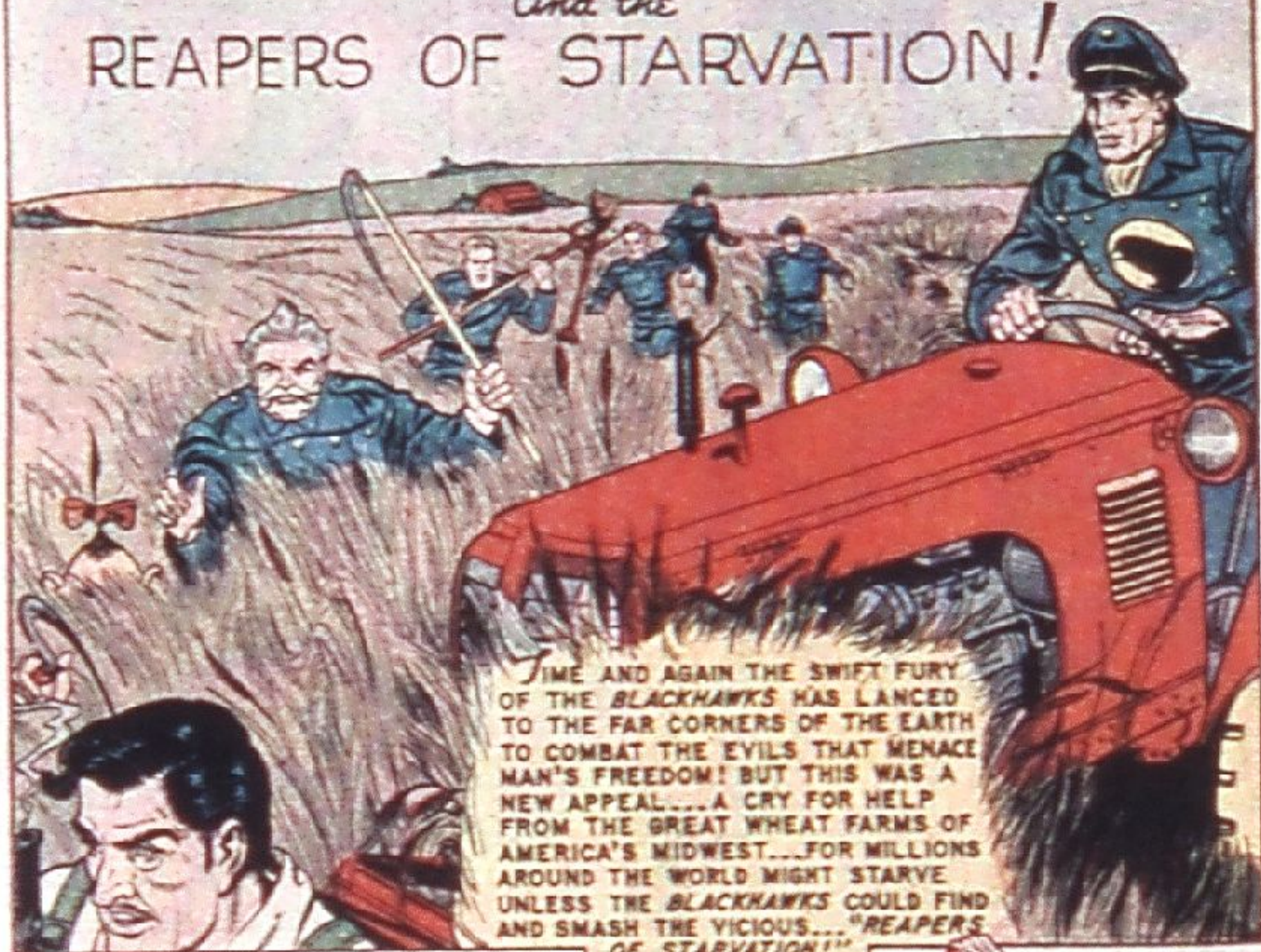


EVEN MID THE DESERT'S SAND YOU WILL FIND OUR HELP AT HAND... WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!

BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK

And the
REAPERS OF STARVATION!



TIME AND AGAIN THE SWIFT FURY OF THE BLACKHAWKS HAS LANCED TO THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH TO COMBAT THE EVILS THAT MENACE MAN'S FREEDOM! BUT THIS WAS A NEW APPEAL... A CRY FOR HELP FROM THE GREAT WHEAT FARMS OF AMERICA'S MIDWEST... FOR MILLIONS AROUND THE WORLD MIGHT STARVE UNLESS THE BLACKHAWKS COULD FIND AND SMASH THE VICIOUS... "REAPERS OF STARVATION!"

THIS IS A FAR-FLUNG STORY, FOR IT HAS ITS ROOTS IN THE TINY WAR-RAVAGED NATION OF... REBOLD...



BUT SUDDENLY....



YIP! THE BLACKHAWKS!

SORRY, FRIEND, BUT YOUR TACTICS ARE BOTH ILLEGAL AND UNHEALTHY!

TIENS! ZE MORAL IS.... DO NOT HIRE ASSASSINS WITH GLASS CHINS!

WHY, YOU'RE DAN POTTER, HEAD OF THE AMERICAN FOOD FOR FREEDOM COMMITTEE! BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL YOU?



SIMPLE, BLACKHAWK! STARVATION IS THE TOOL OF TYRANNY! PEOPLE WITH FULL STOMACHS ARE NOT SO RIPE FOR LYING PROMISES!

THAT EXPLAINS THE UNIFORMS! THESE TWO ARE HIRELINGS OF HAMAR, WHO IS RUMORED TO BE A STOGE OF THE TYRANT NATION!

I'LL SEE MR. POTTER TO HIS SHIP! YOU FELLOWS TURN THESE RATS OVER TO THE REBOLD AUTHORITIES AND MEET ME AT THE AIRPORT!

YEAH, SURE! JUST LEAVE DOSE YINGLE-HEADS TO US, BLACKHAWK!



WE'VE JUST COMPLETED ARRANGEMENTS TO DELIVER TWENTY SHIPLOADS OF FREE WHEAT THIS FALL! THAT SPELLS DOOM TO DICTATORS!

BUT KILLING YOU MIGHT STOP THE SHIPMENTS AND MAKE DICTATORSHIP EASY! I SEE NOW! BUT YOU'LL BE SAFE ON BOARD UNTIL SAILING!



MEANWHILE, IN A SECRET CHAMBER NEAR THE GOVERNMENT PALACE....

FOOLS! STUPID DOLTS! EVEN A SIMPLE ASSASSINATION TAKES THEIR FEEBLE BRAIN! AND BECAUSE OF THEM, I FACE FAILURE!

NOT NECESSARILY, HAMAR! IF REBOLD GETS FOOD FROM THE DEMOCRACIES HER PEOPLE WILL ELECT A DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT THIS FALL!



THAT'S WHAT I MEAN, LILA! KILLING THAT AMERICAN RELIEF HEAD WOULD HAVE PUT ME IN AS DICTATOR WITHOUT QUESTION!

SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY I BOTHER WITH MEN! THEY ARE SO SINGLE-MINDED! ONE SCHEME FAILS AND THEY CRY AS IF THEY WERE RUINED!





THE PLACE TO STOP FOOD SHIPMENTS IS AT THE SOURCE! NOW IF YOU WERE TO LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME...!

BUT THAT IS AMERICA, WHERE THE WHEAT GROWS! YOU HAVE NO POWER OR INFLUENCE THERE!



MY DEAR HAMAR! WHEREVER THERE ARE MEN... I HAVE PLENTY OF POWER AND INFLUENCE! I CAN STOP THE WHEAT SHIPMENTS!

YOU'VE NEVER FAILED ME YET, LILA! I'LL SEND YOU TO AMERICA AT ONCE! THE REST IS UP TO YOU!

WHILE AT THE REBOLO AIRPORT...

MONTHS PASS! THEN, ONE DAY, ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

HAPPY GLEE! IS DISTRESS MESSAGE! MAYBE BIG FIGHTY-SLAP WITH DIRTY CLOCKS!

COULD BE, CHOP-CHOP! I HAVE JUST ACCEPTED THE STRANGEST ASSIGNMENT THE BLACKHAWKS EVER GOT!

WE'RE HEADED FOR AMERICA'S MID-WEST... TO GUARD THE HARVEST OF A MILLION-BUSHEL OF WHEAT FOR EUROPEAN RELIEF!

ACH, DU LIEBER...! MAYBE DER BLACKHAWKS SHOULD TAKE OUT A LICENSE TO FLY TRACTORS. NEIN?



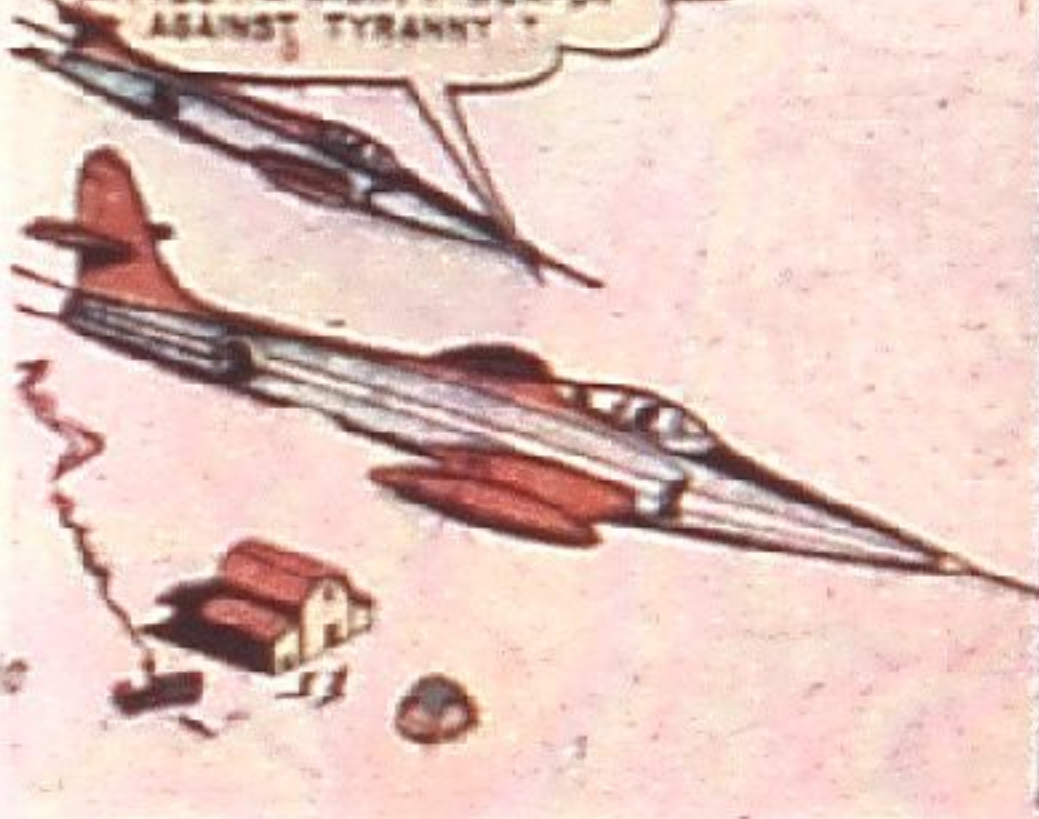
LET'S GO, GANG! WE LEARNED A SHARP LESSON TODAY ON THE IMPORTANCE OF FOOD IN WORLD POLITICS!

DU! FULL BELLIES CHOOSE DEMOCRACY! ONLY ZE HUNGRY ACCEPT SLAVERY IN RETURN FOR BREAD!



FEW HOURS LATER...

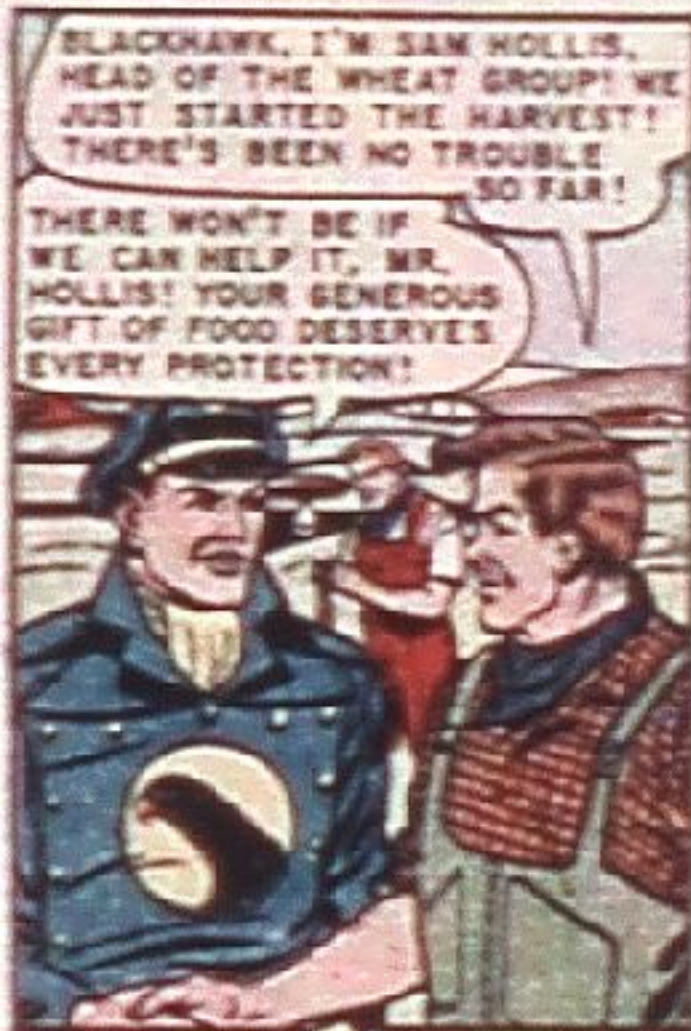
THERE IT IS... A VALLEY OF RIPE WHEAT, DONATED BY THE FARMERS TO THE FOOD FOR FREEDOM COMMITTEE! A MIGHTY WEAPON AGAINST TYRANNY!



SOMEONE'S TRYING TO DESTROY THE WHEAT OR DELAY THE HARVEST LONG ENOUGH TO SPOIL IT! IT'S OUR JOB TO PROTECT THAT VITAL FOOD SUPPLY ABOVE ALL!



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK, I'M SAM HOLLIS, HEAD OF THE WHEAT GROUP! WE JUST STARTED THE HARVEST! THERE'S BEEN NO TROUBLE SO FAR!

THERE WON'T BE IF WE CAN HELP IT, MR. HOLLIS! YOUR GENEROUS GIFT OF FOOD DESERVES EVERY PROTECTION!



THESE ARE THE OTHER WHEAT GROWERS... AND THIS IS OUR NEWEST CONTRIBUTOR, MISS LILA DEE! SHE DONATED HER WHOLE FARM!

YUMPIG YACKRABBITS!

WHEEW!

YIPSY-BLOODY!

SAPPHIST!



HMM! I GUESS THE BOYS NEVER SAW A STRAW HAT BEFORE! WHO IS THIS LILA DEE?

SHE CAME HERE FIVE MONTHS AGO AND BOUGHT THE SIMMS FARM! SHE PLANS TO RAISE FLOWERS FOR MARKET ON A BIG SCALE!



SUDDENLY---

LOOK! IT'S STARTED! SOMEBODY SET THE WHEAT FIELD ON FIRE!

WITH THE WIND THIS WAY, THE FIRE WILL SWEEP THE WHOLE FIELD! WE CAN'T GET PLOWS AROUND THERE IN TIME TO PLOW A FIREBREAK!



COME ON, GANG! WE'LL PLOW A FIREBREAK FROM THE AIR!

WHA...? BLACKHAWK, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? YOU CAN'T---



KEEP DIVING, BOYS! PLOW A STRIP SO WIDE THE FIRE CAN'T JUMP IT! I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR THE RAT WHO STARTED IT!

TIENS! ZIS EES WHAT YOU CALL FIGHTING FIRE WEETH FIRE, NON?



THAT CAR IS THE ONLY MOVING OBJECT NEAR THE WHEAT! I'D BETTER GIVE IT THE ONCE-OVER-LIGHTLY!



I'LL PUT A BURST IN FRONT TO STOP THEM FOR QUESTIONING! IF I'M SCARING INNOCENT FARMERS, I'LL HAVE SOME APOLOGIZING TO DO!

YEE! LILA NEVER TOLD US THE BLACK-HAWKS WOULD BE IN ON THIS CAPER!



UH-OH! THAT ANSWERS MY QUESTION! AND THEY'RE HEADING FOR THAT FARM! I COULD GIVE THEM A DIRECT BURST BUT I WANT THEM ALIVE TO DO SOME EXPLAINING!



THEY WON'T GET FAR WITH TWO FLAT TIRES! I CAN LAND AND RUN THEM DOWN!

[[BOOM]]

HE GOT OUR TIRES! JUMP OUT AND RUN FOR THE HOUSE! WE CAN'T HOLE UP HERE!



LILA... HELP! BLACKHAWK'S AFTER US!

THERE THEY COME, BOYS! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!



WHA...? DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSS...

GOOD WORK! NOW LEAVE THE TALKING TO ME!



A MOMENT LATER...

MISS LILA! WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF KILLING THOSE TWO?

WHY, WEREN'T THEY THE FIREBUGS WHO TRIED TO DESTROY OUR WHEAT, BLACKHAWK? THEY CAME RUNNING AT US WITH GUNS...



YES, BUT I WANTED THEM ALIVE FOR QUESTIONING! AND WHO ARE THESE TRIGGER-HAPPY GUNMEN, ANYHOW?

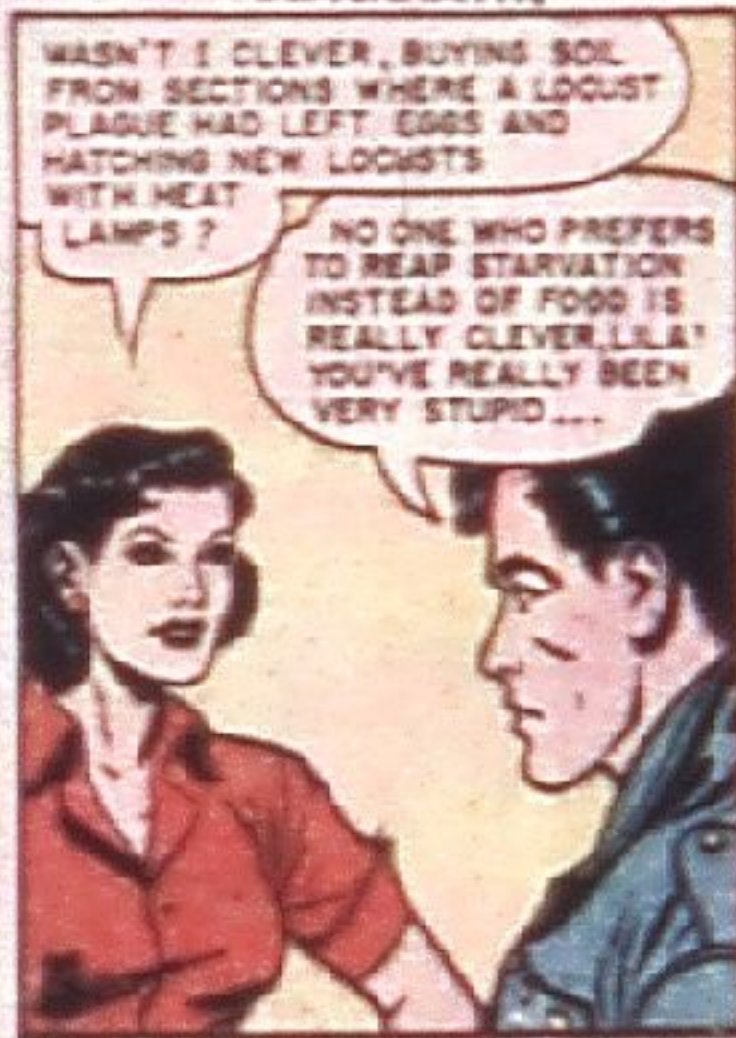
I'M SO SORRY, BLACK-HAWK! ALL THIS VIOLENCE... I-I LOST MY HEAD! THESE ARE MY FARM-HANDS! I ARMED THEM TO HELP GUARD THE WHEAT!



BLACKHAWK



A FEW MINUTES LATER...



BLACKHAWK



FOOLS! IMBECILES! WHY DIDN'T ONE OF YOU REMIND ME THERE WERE TWO BLACK-HAWKS MISSING?

THEY THOUGHT YOU WERE CLEVER ENOUGH TO COUNT ABOVE FIVE, LILA!

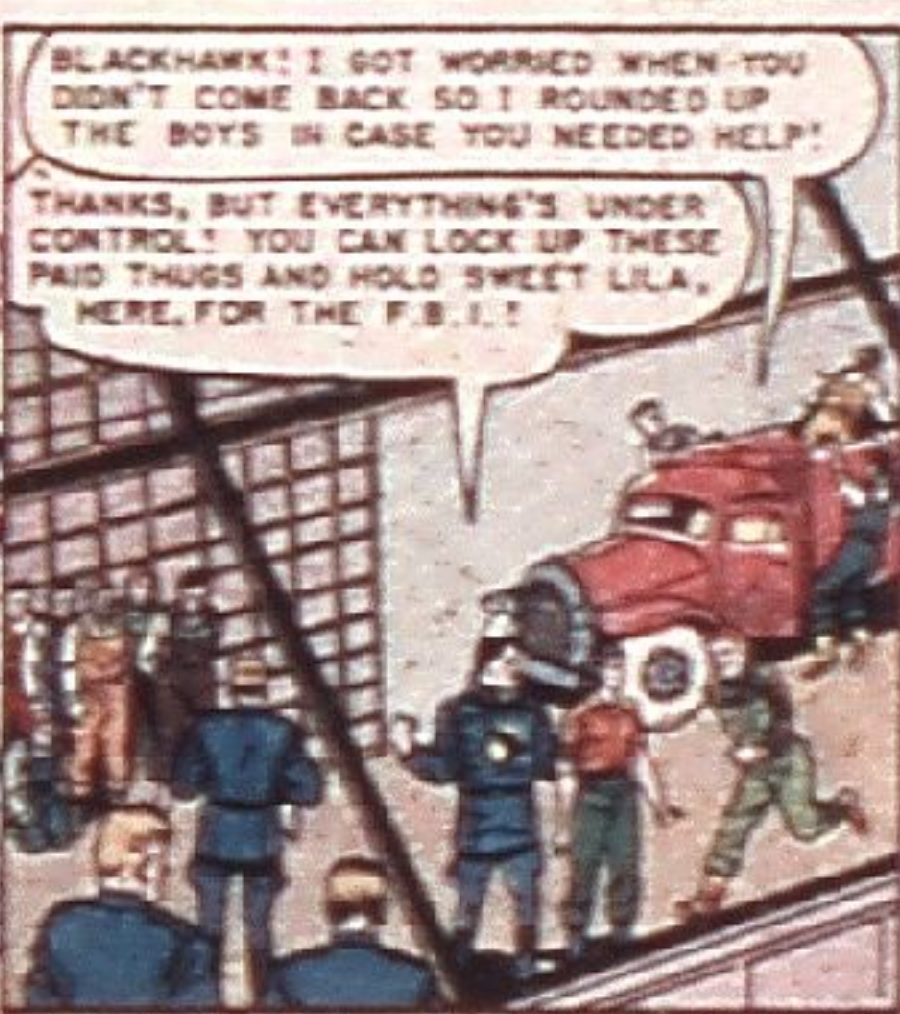


IF YOU THINK YOU'RE STEAMED UP...IMAGINE HOW YOUR LITTLE PETS FEEL WHEN THE FLAME-THROWERS HIT THEM!

YIPPSY-DLOOLES! LOCUST-BUGS GETTEE PLENTY SIZZLE-SQUIRT!

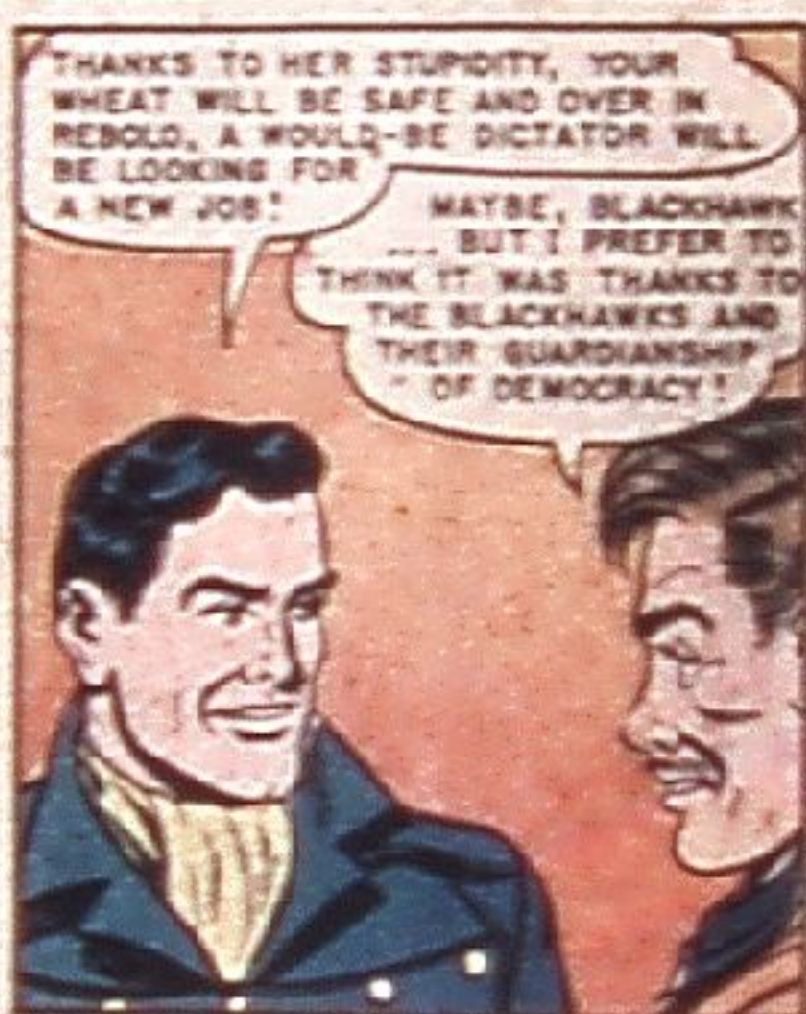


TRES BON! TRES BON! ZEY ARE COOKING WIZ GAS, EH BIEN?



BLACKHAWK! I GOT WORRIED WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME BACK SO I ROUNDED UP THE BOYS IN CASE YOU NEEDED HELP!

THANKS, BUT EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL! YOU CAN LOCK UP THESE PAID THUGS AND HOLD SWEET LILA, HERE, FOR THE F.B.I.!



THANKS TO HER STUPIDITY, YOUR WHEAT WILL BE SAFE AND OVER IN REBOLD, A WOULD-BE DICTATOR WILL BE LOOKING FOR A NEW JOB!

MAYBE, BLACKHAWK... BUT I PREFER TO THINK IT WAS THANKS TO THE BLACKHAWKS AND THEIR GUARDIANSHIP OF DEMOCRACY!



THERE GOES THE FIRST WHEAT, HEADING FOR THE MILLS OF MINNESOTA! TRAINLOADS OF FOOD FOR THE HUNGRY, HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS!

YEEPER! SOME HUNGRY KIDS BAN SURE GET ONE YIGANTIC SANDWHICH!



OVER FIELDS OF WAVING GRAIN WE ARE THE TYRANT'S BANE... WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!

Chop Chop

WHAT A
BOOK! I LEAD
ONE CHAPTER
AND EVERYBODY
AFRAID TO HANG
AROUND CHOP.
CHOP ANOTHER
MINUTE!



HMM...LEFT HAND ON WHEEL...
LIGHT HAND ON TOES...SEE
ILLUSTRATION 59! THEN
PUSH, SO...!



IT WORKS! LAST LESSON
COMPLETED! CHOP CHOP
NOW PREPARED TO APPEAR
ON STREETS OF HONG
KONG---WICKEDEST
CITY IN ORIENT!





BLACKHAWK

Q.C. THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE—



WELL, HAPPY DAY! JUST WHAT CHOP CHOP NEED TO KEEP SCORE ON CLOCKS FLIGHTENED BY FEROCIOUS I!



YOU D-DIRTY F-FAKER! YOU S-SAID THAT STUFF WOULD BLOW UP IF A MOSQUITO BREATHED ON IT!

GRAMWK! YOU N-NEVER KNOW! SOMETIMES IT DOES—AND SOMETIMES IT WAITS! I'M L-LEAVING THE COUNTRY RIGHT N-NOW!



LOOK! GOLD PENCIL WORTH AT LEAST \$1,000,000,000—CHINESE DOLLARS!

OR 10¢ AMERICAN MONEY! YOU BEND SKULL WITH HONORABLE BLACKJACK AND WE TAKE!



YIIIIKE! THEY'RE GONNA BOP HIM CLEAR TO KINGDOM COME—AND US WITH HIM!



WE GOTTA STOP 'EM! THESE PAYING BRICKS!



MY-MY! CHOP CHOP NOT EVEN HAVE TO GIVE FEROCIOUS LOOK, PAGE 92, LESSON 7, AND EVIL ONES GO FAINTY-FALL!

EEEEOCK!



I'M TIGER LILY, INTERNATIONAL SPY, HONEY! C'MON UP AND LET ME STEAL A SECRET! I NEED THE BUSINESS!

TCH-TCH! ONLY SECTET CHOP CHOP HAVE IS SECTET OF IRRESISTIBLE PERSONALITY! YOU LIKE FINE GOLD PENCIL, MAYBE?



PENCIL? YOU NOT SECRET AGENT FROM MANCHURIA, HONORABLE JERK?

GEEK! SHE'S SHAKIN' IT! HALP!



OH-OH! COULD BE SOME IGNORANT PERSON MAKE SLIGHT MISCALCULATION!



WOOPSY-DLOOPLIES! CHOP CHOP SUSPECT THOSE CLOCKS UP TO NO GOOD! THEY GET QUICK TREATMENT IN THERE!



YIKES!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

WELL, STLANGE INTERLUDE! TOUGH CLOCKS STILL AFLAID OF CHOP CHOP, EVEN WITHOUT GOLDY PENCIL BOOM!



IS MOST STLANGE! EVERYWHERE CHOP CHOP GO, EVERYBODY SCREAM AND LUN AWAY IN GLEAT FLIGHT!



COULD BE BOOK IS LIGHT, AFTER ALL! BOOK SAY--ONCE MAN LEARN TO BE DOMINATING, ALL WORLD IS AT HIS FEET!



EVERY SINCE BLASTY-BOOM BLOW CHOP CHOP THROUGH **STRAWBERRY JAM FACTORY**, EVERYBODY AFLAID AND LUN LIKE LABBITS!

EEEEK! SMALL-POX! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE RED PLAGUE IS UPON US! SEE THE SPOTTED FACE?



Evil Challenge

It was just at sundown when they heard the strange plane roaring in over the low peaks of the Mustang Range, to the eastward. Sergeant Wilkins of the Aerial Police dropped a partly-gnawed sparerib on his mess plate and dashed out of the barracks. In this remote headquarters of America's new police force of the skies, strange planes were a novelty.

The plane swept down over the field, flying at not more than a hundred foot altitude. Black wings made a sinister cross against the deepening blue of the sky. The red flames of its jet exhausts spat crimson against the lengthening shadow of evening.

"What a buggy," shouted Lieutenant Spaine, shading his eyes to watch the jet job bank into the red ball of the setting sun. "Man, that exhaust thunder is just catching up now. But who in blazes is he? He's buzzing the field like the krauts used to do before they unloaded a packet of bombs on our bases in England during the war."

The plane swept back, lower than ever. Something bulky, trailing a white streamer, dropped from the cockpit and bounced across the landing strip. Then the jet tubes spat flame and fury and the black plane was gone, losing itself in the eastward shadows of gathering night, so swiftly that the human eye could not follow its flight.

Mechanics ran out and brought back the streamer-marked package. Inside, tucked among the lead weights and inside the thick wrapper was a single brief message sheet. Lieutenant Spaine read it aloud to the assembled aerial police pilots.

"Fly-Coppers," read the jeering message. "You think you own the sky, but I know better. We can go on fighting from here to breakfast, with you guys getting killed and me being delayed in my work. Why not settle it once and for all? I'll meet any pilot you choose, out over the Sultan Desert tomorrow morning at dawn in a fight to the finish. If you win, I'll be dead and out of your hair. If I win the name of the aerial police will be mud. The sky isn't big enough for both of us." It was signed: "The Black Raider."

For a long moment the very audacity of the challenge left them breathless. They all knew the Black Raider by reputation. He was a mystery pilot with an incredibly fast jet job, capable of flashing easily past the sonic barrier that marked the speed of sound, able to out-distance and out-manuever the finest prop planes of the aerial police. Time and again the Black Raider had struck in deadly, murderous attack on some treasure horde. Time and again he had snatched his loot and fled into nowhere, shooting down helpless police planes with the ease of a lightning bolt against a horse-drawn wagon.

Lieutenant Spaine said savagely. "The nerve of the devil! He knows the Aerial Police are a new organization and that we haven't yet gotten the funds to equip our men with jet planes. Even if we'd consider such an outrageous challenge, it would be sheer murder to stack up one of our five-hundred-mile-an-hour jobs against his jet. He's mocking us, trying to weaken us by needling us into some kind of wild fury."

"Lieutenant," Sergeant Wilkins said suddenly. "let me meet that flying rat at dawn tomorrow. Give me the equipment I'd ask for and I'd bet my next year's salary that I could win in a dogfight."

"You're off your rocker," growled the Lieutenant. "What's gotten into you, Wilkins? Are you nuts? He'll shoot you out of the sky and all the newspapers in the country will razz us for inefficiency. Don't be a silly chump!"

"But if we don't accept the challenge," Wilkins argued grimly, "he'll bombard the newspapers with sneering stories about how we're a bunch of cowards and phonies. In the long run, we'll be worse off risking the bad publicity than facing the duel."

"Never," Lieutenant Spaine shouted violently. "We're not a gang of gunmen to try our skill against every two-bit air-buzzard who wants to challenge us. Forget it and finish your dinner. We've got a weather drill on tonight. All hands on deck for meteorological class at eight."

Sergeant Wilkins sat through the class that night but his ears followed little of the con-

plicated lecture. His strong young face was grim, his blue eyes lost in study. In his mind was a picture of that deadly black plane, of the goggled and masked pilot who had killed and robbed across the nation with the impunity of the swift. And tomorrow morning that goggled face would be looking jeeringly down at the police patrol field, mocking them for their cowardice. Likely as not the Black Raider had some daring exploit ready to pull in the morning as a final jibe at the helpless defenders of justice.

When class ended, Sergeant Wilkins broke away from the chattering groups and scurried out into the night. A mile away, at the far end of the field, stood the weathered building that housed the Museum Of The Air. Inside, as a tribute to the new Aerial Police, stood samples of man's efforts to conquer the air. Twenty minutes later Wilkins had Professor Thornton, curator and assembler of the Museum, staring at him dazedly.

"You've got to let me do it, Prof," Wilkins was begging earnestly. "You can see for yourself where we'll all be if we let that flying polecat get away with it again."

When Sergeant Wilkins hit his bunk that night, there was a smile of grim triumph on his face. But he did not sleep well and long before dawn he had crept from his blankets to run across the misty field toward the Museum where, oddly, lights were on the great doors that had been swung open to the sunrise.

The sun was a half-moon of flame on the eastern horizon when the police barracks awoke and men sat up, staring at one another in blank wonder, listening to the droning thunder that drifted across the airfield. Lieutenant Spaine, a terrible hint of understanding stabbing through his breast, ran in, saw that Sergeant Wilkins' bunk was empty, and ran outside.

Down at the far end of the field, in the dim gray light of dawn, a plane was taxiing with increasing speed, heading into the cold dawn wind. It was by far the oddest sight these modern fliers had witnessed as they raced out to stand behind the Lieutenant in gaping wonder.

The plane was an ancient Curtis JN-4, the "Jenny" of World War I whose immense bi-plane wing spread and lumbering slowness was now the laughing stock of an age of swift flight.

Its antique Ninety-horsepower OX-5 engine roared and coughed and roared again.

In the cockpit, gripping the unfamiliar maple stick that maneuvered the controls, Sergeant Wilkins mopped cold sweat from beneath his goggles as the Jenny lumbered down the strip and was slowly airborne. A single crude .30 calibre machine gun, mounted directly in front of him and synchronized to fire slowly through the spinning propeller, was his only armament. It was, he thought, a little like David, equipped with a broken down pea-shooter, going out to meet a cannon-bearing Goliath.

The Black Raider was suddenly there, his incredibly fast ship screaming over the horizon, wheeling and circling as if unable to credit his own senses. Wilkins tripped the lone gun and sent a burst of tracers across the Raider's course so there could be no doubt about his intention. The black ship whipped over and came thundering down, gun flame winking. Wilkins hung the Jenny on a wingtip and the tracers fled past.

Three times more the black killer ship made its deadly passes and every time it over-shot and missed. Suddenly it began to be obvious to the Black Raider, as well as to the men on the ground, that his ship was much too fast to fight so unequal an opponent. Because the raider was flying at nearly the speed of sound, the Jenny was in and out of the Jet's sight in the wink of an eye.

Plodding steadily, Wilkins circled the field. To the men on the ground he seemed to be losing altitude. The Black Raider winged over and came down in a head-on strike, holding fire until he could reach the bumbling, elusive, tantalizing antique.

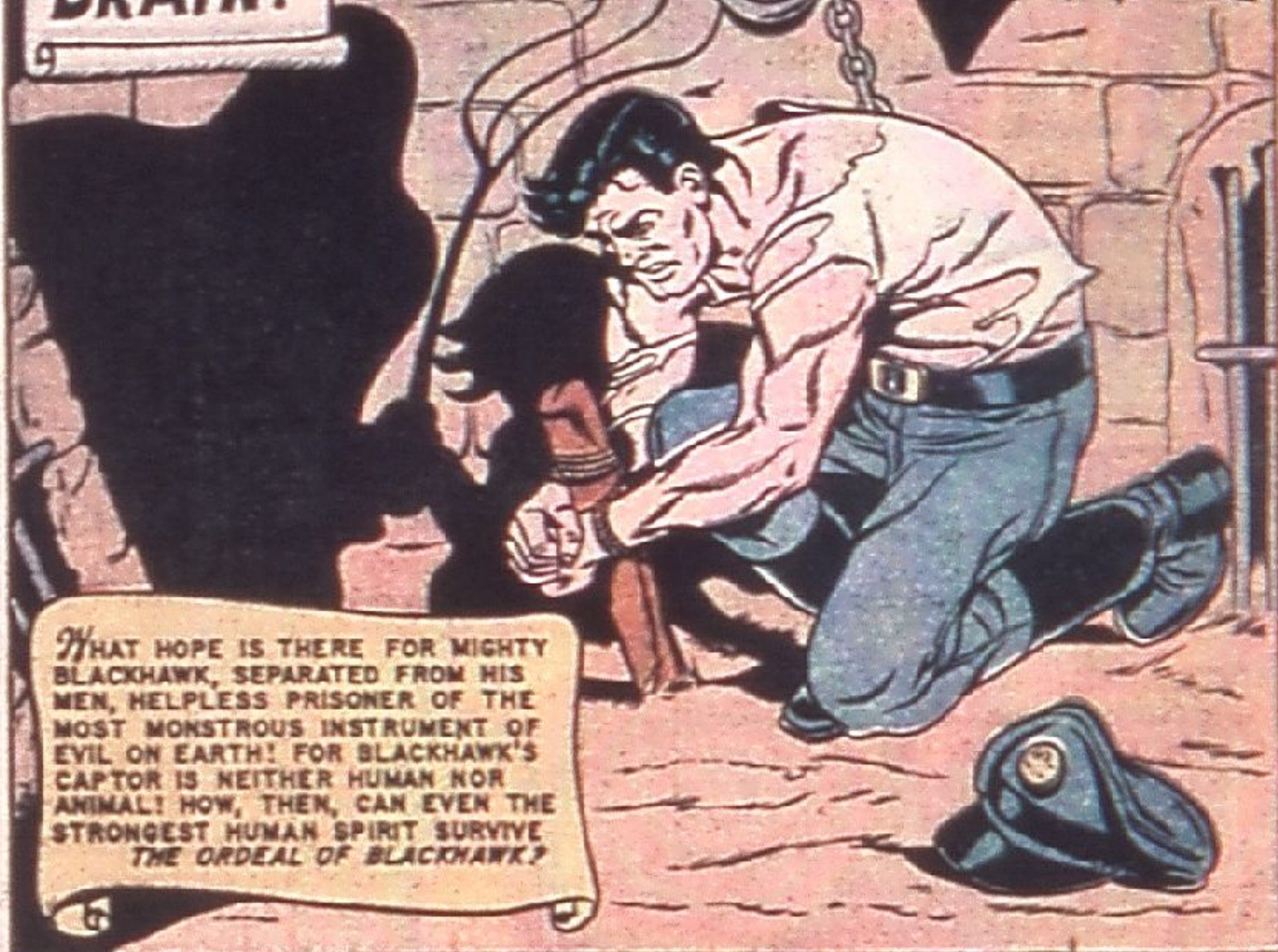
When it came, Wilkins felt the Jenny shudder, saw splinters fly from the port wings. Then the black shadow swept over him and down. Even above the roar of his own old engine he could hear the crash as the Raider struck the ground.

Circling once above the flaming wreckage, Wilkins shook his head philosophically. "Just what I figured," he said. "If I could tease him into following me down, he'd forget his ship couldn't come out of a dive in time to clear the ground. Now all I have to do is figure how to keep Lieutenant Spaine from court martalling me for hasting orders."

Sighing, Sergeant Wilkins headed the borrowed Jenny into the wind for a landing.

The story of
**FIENDISH
BRAIN!**

BLACKHAWK



WHAT HOPE IS THERE FOR MIGHTY BLACKHAWK, SEPARATED FROM HIS MEN, HELPLESS PRISONER OF THE MOST MONSTROUS INSTRUMENT OF EVIL ON EARTH! FOR BLACKHAWK'S CAPTOR IS NEITHER HUMAN NOR ANIMAL! HOW, THEN, CAN EVEN THE STRONGEST HUMAN SPIRIT SURVIVE THE ORDEAL OF BLACKHAWK?

OUR GRIM STORY BEGINS
MANY MONTHS AGO!

I DON'T GET IT, BLACKHAWK! WHY ARE WE DELIVERING MICROFILMS OF ALL THE BOOKS IN THE U.S. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS TO THIS DR. VARDAN?

HE'S THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCIENTIST, CHUCK! HE'S WORKING ON A SECRET PROJECT SO IMPORTANT NOBODY EVEN KNOWS WHAT IT IS!

NOBODY EVEN KNOWS WHERE HIS LABORATORY IS! ALL SUPPLIES ARE DELIVERED TO A LITTLE AIRFIELD OFF THE NORTH COAST!

TIEN! EET MUST BE SOME KIND OF SUPER-BOOK WORM TO DIGEST ALL ZE BOOKS ON ZESE MICROFILMS!



9 HOURS LATER...

THANKS, BLACKHAWK! SOON NOW I CAN REVEAL MY SECRET AND ASK FOR PROPER PROTECTION TO KEEP IT OUT OF EVIL HANDS!

THE WORLD IS WAITING, DOCTOR! EVERYONE KNOWS YOUR WORK IS DEDICATED ONLY TO PEACE AND FREEDOM FOR MANKIND!





MEET MY ASSISTANTS, MY STEP-DAUGHTER, INA, AND VALDO! THEY ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW MY SECRET!

HOW THRILLING! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET THE FAMOUS BLACKHAWKS!



DAS BAN DER LAST BOX OF FILM, BLACKHAWK!

WE'LL TAKE OFF, THEN! THANKS AGAIN, BLACKHAWK! I'LL RADIO MY LABORATORY LOCATION WHEN I'M READY TO REVEAL THE SECRET!



THERE GOES A GREAT MAN, GANG... VANISHING INTO THE UNKNOWN WITH PERHAPS THE GREATEST SECRET ON EARTH TODAY!

JAWOHL! UND IF SOMEDING SHOULD HAPPEN TO DR. YARDAN, DER WORLD MIGHT NEVER KNOW!

AND NOW, MONTHS LATER, IN A REMOTE CORNER OF THE EARTH...



GOOD WORK, GANG! THAT DISPOSES OF ANOTHER AMATEUR HITLER....!

BLACKHAWK, COME QUICK! GETTEE DISTLESS CALL ON PLANE RADIO IS VELLY IMPORTANT!



BLACKHAWK... HELP! THIS IS INA, DR. YARDAN'S STEP-DAUGHTER! MY FATHER IS ILL! HE WON'T LET US CALL ANYONE BUT YOU!

I HEAR YOU, MISS INA! GIVE ME THE LOCATION AND I'LL COME AT ONCE!



I DON'T DARE SEND IT ON THE AIR! MEET ME AT THE NORTH COAST AIRSTRIP WHERE YOU DELIVERED THE MICROFILMS! PLEASE HURRY!

I CAN BE THERE IN THREE HOURS! TRY TO HANG ON SOMEHOW!



I'M GOING ALONE, CHOP CHOP! TELL THE GANG TO CLEAN UP HERE AND RETURN TO BLACKHAWK ISLAND! I'LL RADIO IF I NEED THEM!

WILL DO! BUT CHOP CHOP NOT LIKEE THIS GO OFF TO SECRET PLACE ALL BY LONESOME-SELF! IS DANGELOUS!



BLACKHAWK

OOOH! SO IT WAS A TRAP AND I WALKED INTO IT, NA? BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'D HAVE YOUR OWN FATHER KILLED...

STEP-FATHER, BLACKHAWK! THERE WAS NEITHER BLOOD NOR LOVE BETWEEN US! HE WAS A VISION-ARY FOOL WHO BLOCKED OUR PLANS!

WHAT PLANS? I BATHER HE WAS KILLED BECAUSE OF HIS SECRET PROJECT! BUT WHY AM I YOUR PRISONER?

BUT YOU'RE NOT MY PRISONER, BLACKHAWK! IF YOU FEEL STRONG ENOUGH TO WALK, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO YOUR REAL CAPTOR....!

MEET THE BRAIN, BLACKHAWK! THE FUTURE RULER OF THE WORLD! THIS WAS WHAT DR. VARDAN WAS GOING TO GIVE TO MANKIND!

A MONSTROUS ELECTRONIC BRAIN! THAT'S WHY HE WANTED MICROFILMS OF ALL BOOKS! IT MUST STORE ALL THE KNOWLEDGE IN THE WORLD!



IT DOES! THE BRAIN WARNED US TO DESTROY THE BLACK-HAWKS BEFORE WE TRIED TO GO FURTHER AND TOLD US EXACTLY HOW TO GO ABOUT IT!

IT CANNOT FAIL BECAUSE ITS ELECTRONIC PATHS ARE NOT SUBJECT TO HUMAN WEAKNESSES AND ERRORS, BLACKHAWK!

TO ASK A QUESTION, I SIMPLY TYPE IT ON THIS SPECIAL CODED TAPE THAT IS AUTOMATICALLY FED INTO THE BRAIN!

ASK IT HOW MANY OTHER DELUDED MANIACS HAVE THOUGHT THEY COULD RULE A WORLD BORN TO FREEDOM!



I HAD A MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION, BLACKHAWK! THE BRAIN HAS SORTED OUT THE ANSWER AND IS DELIVERING IT NOW!

VALDO! SEARCH BLACKHAWK'S PLANE AT ONCE...

THE BRAIN SAYS BEWARE OF A HIDDEN TRANSMITTER, AUTOMATICALLY SENDING A BEAM TO GUIDE THE BLACKHAWKS STRAIGHT HERE!

I'LL FIND IT! WE CAN'T TACKLE ALL THE BLACK-HAWKS IN A BAND!

NO, BLACKHAWK! TOGETHER YOU ARE INVINCIBLE! BUT THE BRAIN HAS TOLD US HOW TO MAKE YOU BETRAY YOUR CONRADES... ONE BY ONE!



MEANWHILE, HALF-WAY ACROSS THE WORLD, ON
BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

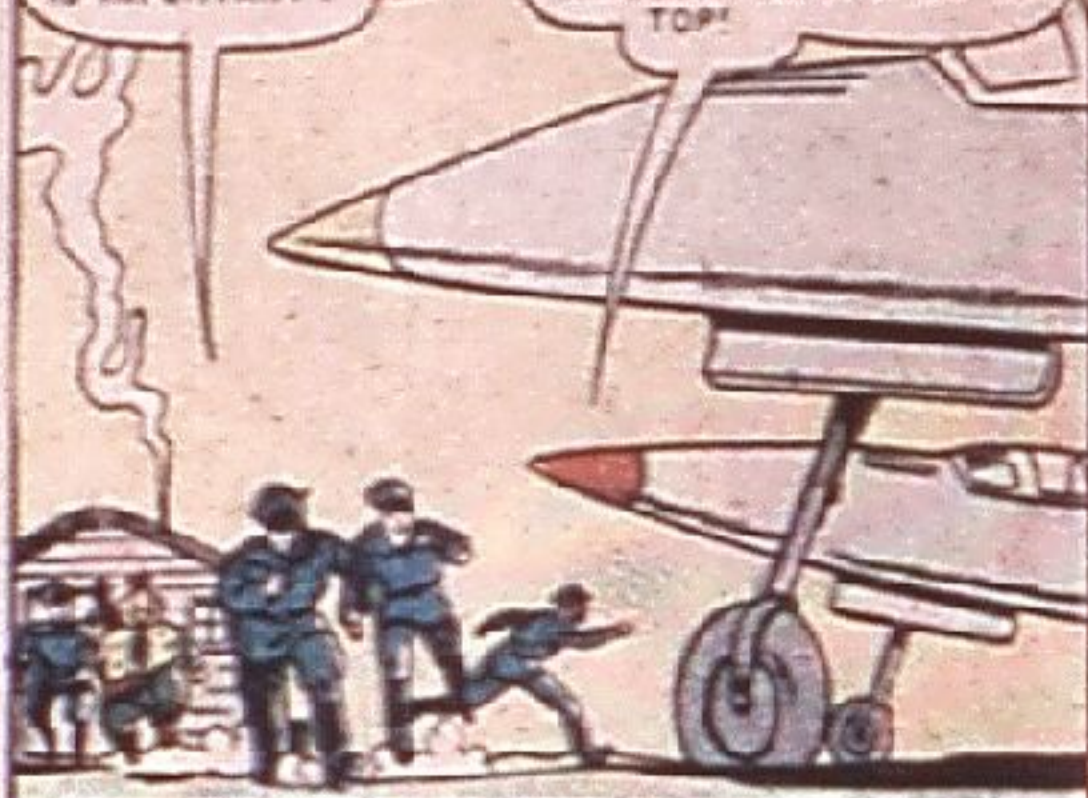


MORDE! ENOUGH OF ZIS WAITING!
EET EES NOT LIKE BLACKHAWK
TO DISAPPEAR FOR SO LONG
WITHOUT A WORD! SOMETHEENS
EES WRONG!

JUST WHAT I TINK,
ANDRE! I BAN READY
TO GO HUNTING NOW
AND BE SORRY LATER
IF WE BAN WRONG!

JAWOHL! WE ALL GO,
NEIN? MIT' OUT BLACK-
HAWK NOBODY FEELS
LIKE DER TOMORROW
IS IMPORTANT!

COUNT ME IN, GANG! I SAY,
LET'S FOLLOW BLACKHAWK'S
BEAM SIGNAL AND GET THE
ANSWER STRAIGHT FROM
HIM... IF HE'S STILL ON
TOP!



CHOP CHOP LIKEE
SUGGEST TAKE
LADIO BEARING ON
GUIDE-BEAM NOW
... IN CASE GUIDE-
BEAM SUDDENLY
NOT ALOUND!

OUT CHOP CHOP
EES RIGHT!
EET BEAM CUT
OFF, WE KNOW
DIRECTION TO
HUNT FOR
BLACKHAWK,
NON?



WH-OH! CHOP CHOP
IS STILL OUR
MASTER-MIND!
BLACKHAWK'S
GUIDE BEAM JUST
CUT OFF SUDDENLY
... AS IF THE
TRANSMITTER
WERE SMASHED!

MAIS OUI! BUT
I HAVE ZE
BEARING! ALL
WE HAVE TO
DO EES FOLLOW
EET AROUND
ZE WORLD,
SEARCHING
EVERY SPOT
ON ZE BEAM!



HOURS LATER...

HIMMEL!
DOT OLD RUINED
CASTLE BELOW MIGHT
BE DER SPOT! CHUCK
UND ANDRE, DIVE UND
INVESTIGATE, JA?

TRES BON!
EET NECESSARY,
WE FLY THROUGH
ZE RUNS, NON?



SACRE! ONLY A
HELICOPTER COULD
LAND ON ZAT AIR-
STREET, DOTTED
WEETH HUGE
BOULDERS!

AND JUDGING BY THE
SPIDER WEBS AND DUST,
NOBODY'S BEEN INSIDE
THAT CASTLE FOR
CENTURIES! WE'D BETTER
HEAD ON, GANG!



WE'RE SAFE! TWO BLACK-
HAWK PLANES PRACTICALLY
FLEW THROUGH THE
CASTLE AND WENT ON!

OF COURSE! NOW YOU CAN
HAVE THOSE IMITATION
BOULDERS MOVED OFF THE
LANDING STRIP AGAIN!
WE'RE SAFE FROM
INTERFERENCE!

BLACKHAWK

THANKS FOR THE GOOD MEAL, INA! IF YOU THINK EITHER LUXURY OR TORTURE WILL MAKE ME BETRAY MY COMRADES, THOUGH, YOU'RE CRAZY!



MY DEAR BLACK-HAWK, NOTHING SO CRUDE COULD COME FROM THE BRAIN! EVERY DETAIL HAS BEEN DELIVERED TO US... AND IT'S FOOL PROOF!

YOUR SPLENDID MEAL WAS DRUGGED WITH A NEW TRUTH DRUG, FURNISHED BY THE BRAIN! SOON YOU WILL TELL US EVERYTHING WE ASK!



NO! YOU... YOU COULDN'T! THERE ISN'T ANY KIND OF TRUTH DRUG THAT CAN BE ADMINISTERED IN FOOD!

HOW NAIVE YOU ARE, BLACKHAWK! THE BRAIN SUPPLIED THE FORMULA! YOU'LL GROW SLEEPY IN A FEW MINUTES... AND VERY TALKATIVE!



YOU FIEND, HEAVEN HELP A WORLD DOMINATED BY HEARTLESS BEINGS OF YOUR CALIBER! IF I... IF I...



... HEAD SO HEAVY! ... I'M SLEEPY! ... CAN'T... KEEP... AWAKE!

THE BRAIN NEVER FAILS, VALDO! SEE, THE DRUG TAKES EFFECT IN EXACTLY THE TIME IT PREDICTED!



BUT INA, THE BRAIN TOLD US A TRUTH DRUG OF THAT TYPE WOULD BE FATAL! IT WARNED US NOT TO USE IT!

FOOL! ALL I USED WAS A COMMON SLEEPING DRUG! BUT WHEN BLACKHAWK AWAKENS AND THINKS HE HAS BETRAYED HIS FRIENDS....!



THE BRAIN TOLD US... ONLY MENTAL TORTURE COULD BREAK A SPIRIT LIKE BLACKHAWK'S! HIS SUFFERING WILL WEAKEN HIS WILL!

AND ONCE THE BLACK-HAWKS ARE DESTROYED, THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE POWERLESS TO STOP US! WE CAN RULE THE GLOBE!



HOURS LATER...

WAKE UP, BLACK-HAWK! YOUR USEFULNESS IS ALMOST ENDED! THE DRUG TOLD US ALL WE NEED TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR COMRADES!

YOU TREACHEROUS FIEND! I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF! I... I MUST HAVE TOLD YOU WHERE TO FIND THE RECORD!



NOW YOU KNOW... THE SECRET CODE, HOW TO REACH EVERY BLACKHAWK, HOW TO BRING EACH ONE SEPARATELY TO BE TRAPPED! OH-H-H-H!

RECORD? WHAT...?

SHHH...!



I WISH I WERE DEAD! I ... I THOUGHT I'D GOTTEN RID OF THAT PAPER JUST BEFORE YOU TRAPPED ME, WHEN I FIRST BECAME SUSPICIOUS...!

FOOL! BE QUIET! HE THINKS HE HAS TOLD US A SECRET NOT EVEN THE BRAIN HAD GUESSED!



THAT RECORD... HE MUST HAVE THROWN IT AWAY JUST BEFORE MUK STRUCK HIM! RETURN TO THAT AIRFIELD! COMB THE GRASS! FIND IT!

I'LL FLY THERE AT ONCE, INA! WITH SUCH A RECORD, WE CAN TRAP EACH BLACKHAWK SEPARATELY AND DESTROY HIM AT LEISURE!



THANKS FOR CLEARING OUR PATH, BLACKHAWK! NOW YOU MAY WATCH THROUGH THE GLASS WALL AS I ASK THE BRAIN FOR FURTHER ORDERS!

MY MEN... MY COMRADES! I HAVE BETRAYED THEM! I HAVE BETRAYED THE WHOLE WORLD!



I'VE GOT TO GET FREE! THIS MAGNIFYING WRIST-WATCH CRYSTAL CAN DOUBLE AS A BURNING GLASS...!

WATER! AT LEAST GIVE ME A GLASS OF COLD WATER TO DRINK!



TAKE BLACKHAWK A GLASS OF ICE WATER, MUK! AS SOON AS HIS MEN ARE TRAPPED, HE WILL DIE ANYHOW! LET HIM ENJOY HIS LAST MOMENTS!



THANKS, FRIEND! ICE-COLD WATER ON OVERHEATED GLASS IS JUST THE TICKET TO START A CRACK!

EEEEAH! INA! THE GLASS!



AND A GOOD, SOLID SHOULDER SHOULD FINISH THE WRECKING JOB!

I'LL KILL HIM! IF HE GETS LOOSE...!

YOU'LL KILL NOBODY, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP FOR A WHILE!

GUARDS! STOP BLACKHAWK! HE'S LOOSE! SHOOT HIM DOWN!



WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANTED FROM HIM! KILL HIM NOW! TAKE NO MORE CHANCES!



OH-OH! THIS COULD BE POSITIVELY FATAL... IF MY TIMING IS OFF!

AT THAT MOMENT...

VOILA! BLACKHAWK'S ALIVE AND HERE ARE MANY FINE CHINS TO SMASH, HON? WHAT MORE COULD WE ASK?

YOU LOOK LIKE ANGELS, GANG... BUT DON'T LET YOUR WINGS INTERFERE WITH YOUR FISTS!



SORRY, INA, BUT YOU FELL INTO MY TRAP! I SUSPECTED A DRUG SO I HAD THAT FINE MEAL INSTEAD OF EATING IT! I ONLY PRETENDED TO BE DRUGGED!

YEAH! AND YOU SURE WAS SMART, SENDIN' DAS DUMB VALDO BACK TO DER AIR STRIP SO WE BAN ABLE TO FOLLOW HIM HERE! YOU KNEW VE WOULD HIDE DERE!



OF COURSE! I KNEW ONCE YOU FELLOWS LOST MY TRAIL, YOU'D STAND GUARD AT THAT AIR-FIELD AS THE ONLY CONTACT!

YOU TRICKED ME! YOU ONLY PRETENDED YOU'D THROWN OUT A RECORD THERE, TO MAKE VALDO RETURN SO YOUR MEN COULD FOLLOW HIM!



AN HOUR LATER...

WOWSIE! BIG CLICKY-CLACK BLAIN ALL BLOWN TO SMITHELEENS!

YES, CHOP CHOP! THE BIG BRAIN IS DESTROYED! THE WORLD ISN'T READY FOR A TOOL SO EASILY DOMINATED BY EVIL! AND AS WE KNOW, IT WASN'T TOO ACCURATE, ANYHOW!



YEAH, BURE! DAS BAN BIGGEST TIN BRAIN IN WORLD... BUT IT COULD NOT OUT-THINK BLACKHAWK, BY YEEPERS!

OUT, OLAF! ZE SMARTEST BRAINS EVER BORN OR BUILT CANNOT DO ZAT WHEN ZEY TURN TO TYRANNY, MAIS OUI!





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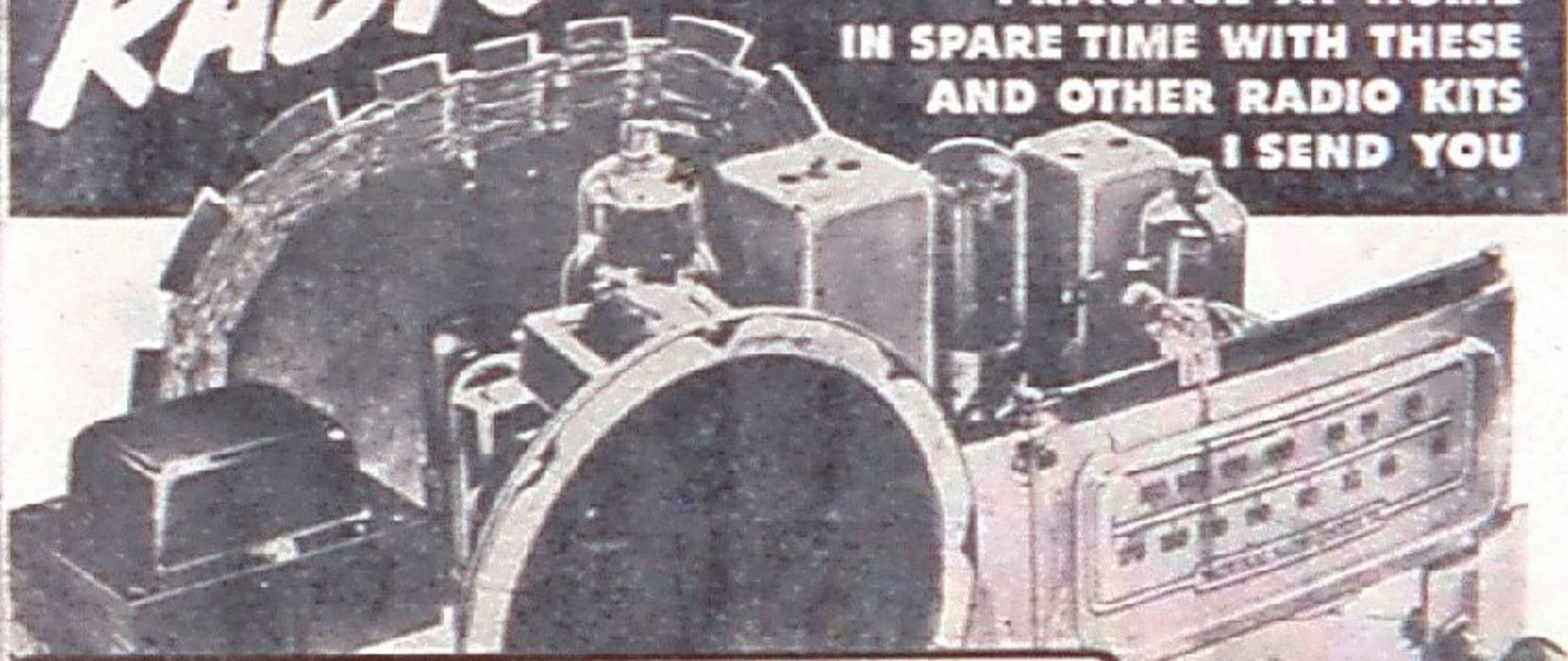
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